IND.

SIR!

STATE FAIR STRIPPERS

A MAGAZINE FOR MALES •

February 25¢

CURRENT REPORT ON PARIS PROSTITUTION
SEE PAGE 6

DOES SEX CONTROL BRAIN POWER?
SEE PAGE 12

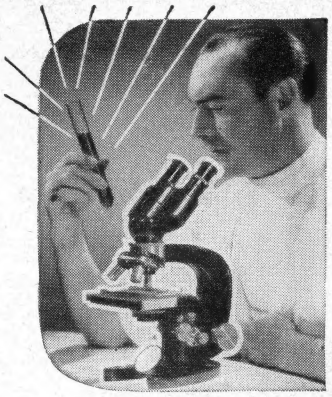
TORTURE, LUST AND DEATH AT NEWGATE
SEE PAGE 42

Mona Knox

MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERS TREATMENT FOR

PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes



CAUSES OF PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS SEEN THROUGH POWERFUL MICROSCOPE

DON'T LET UGLY PIMPLES BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY RUIN YOUR CONFIDENCE OR SPOIL YOUR TALENTS!

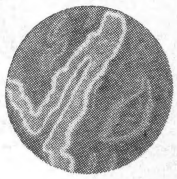
DO YOU feel your skin is holding back your chances for popularity . . . for success? Are you *afraid* people whom you'd like to know will *reject* you? Thousands of people who felt the same as you—now have clear attractive complexions. They've regained their poise and confidence. You can benefit from their experience!

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCH REVEALS NEGLECT CAUSE OF MANY SKIN TROUBLES

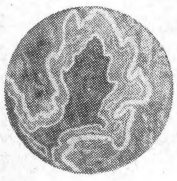
Skin Specialists and Medical statistics tell us that broken out skin usually occurs from adolescence and can continue on through adulthood. Adolescents often carry these scars throughout their life. Many never get over the "feeling of embarrassment" and are always conscious of their appearance and complexion. Persistent cases of "bad skin" sometimes continue on through adulthood. In this stage of life, the responsibilities of earning a living and meeting people are essential if you are to climb the ladder of success in your job. It is doubly important to give your skin problems *immediate care.* Physicians state that to neglect your skin may prolong your skin troubles and make it more difficult to clear up. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than NOW!

Laboratory analysis using special microscopes gives us the scientific facts regarding those unsightly pimples. High-powered lenses show your skin consists of several outer layers. Projecting through this epidermis, are hairs, the ducts of the sweat glands and the tiny tubes of the sebaceous glands which supply the skin with oil to keep it soft and pliable. Skin specialists will tell you that many skin eruptions can often be traced to an over-secretion, of oil from the sebaceous glands. As a result of this over-secretion, more oil than is normally required by the skin is deposited on the outside of the skin. Unless special care is taken, this excessive oil forms an oily coating which is a catch-all for all foreign matter in the air. When dust, dirt, lint, etc. become embedded into the tiny skin openings and block them up, they can cause the pores to become enlarged and therefore even more susceptible to additional dirt and dust. These enlarged, blocked up pores may form blackheads as soon as they become infected and bring you the worry, despair, embarrassment and humiliation of pimples, blackheads and other externally caused blemishes.

The difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin is shown in the microscopic reproductions below:



A.
Normal Skin



B.
Sick, Pimply Skin

Diagram A shows a normal size, healthy, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures a sick, pimply skin. Notice that the blocked sebaceous gland in B is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

DOCTORS RECOMMEND THIS TREATMENT

Physicians report two important ways to control this condition: First, they prescribe clearing the pores of clogging matter; and second, inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

To help overcome these two conditions, Scope Products' research make available two scientifically-tested formulas that contain clinically proven ingredients. The first formula contains special cleansing properties not found in ordinary cold creams or skin cleansers. Thoroughly, but gently, it removed all surface scales, dried sebaceous matter, dust, dirt and debris—leaving your skin wonderfully soft, smooth and receptive to proper treatment. The second formula acts to reduce the excessive oiliness produced by the overactive sebaceous glands. Its active ingredients also help prevent the spread of infection by killing bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples, blackheads and blemishes.

DON'T SPREAD INFECTION BY SQUEEZING PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Clinical reports state that many people squeeze out pimples and blackheads with their fingers. This is unsanitary and may lead to the spread of the infection. This abuse may also inflame your skin and leave red welts and ugly looking blotches and bumps. As a result your face may be covered with pimples and blemishes. Soon you'll be sorry you ever squeezed or picked at your skin by using this unscientific method to get rid of skin eruptions.

COVERS UP UNSIGHTLY BLEMISHES WHILE MEDICATION DOES ITS WORK

To remove the immediate embarrassment of skin blemishes, Scope Medicated Skin Formula helps conceal while it medicates! Unlike many other skin preparations, Scope Formula has a *pleasant fragrance!* Imagine! The moment you apply the Scope Treatment to your skin you can instantly face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance. At the same time, you are sure that the medication is acting to remove externally caused blemishes and helping to prevent new ones. This "cover-up" action gives you peace of mind. No longer need you suffer from the feeling of self-consciousness or inferiority. Make this your first step in the direction of a clear complexion and skin that's lovable to kiss and touch!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We make this guaranteed offer because so many users of Scope Medicated Skin Formula have written us telling how it helped to clear up their complexion. We want you to try the Scope Double Treatment at *our risk.* Just a few minutes of your time each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible! If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin IN JUST 10 DAYS, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not just the price you paid — but DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK! You have everything to gain . . . *and we take all the risk!* We want all teen-agers, men and women of all ages to get a fresh, new glowing outlook on life. We want you to be the inviting social personality you might be and to help you reach highest success possible in business. Now you can give yourself new hope and bring back that happy joyous feeling of confidence, poise and popularity!

NOW YOU CAN GET THE SCOPE 2-WAY "COVER-UP" ACTION AND MEDICATED SKIN TREATMENT *IMMEDIATELY WITHOUT DELAY!*

Just send your name and address to SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. 57BP, 1 Orchard Street, New York, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Scope treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only $1.98 plus postage. Or send $2.00 now and we pay postage. No matter which way you order, you have a DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE. Don't delay, send for the Scope Medicated Skin treatment with its special "cover-up" action . . . today! Sorry no Canadian or foreign C.O.D.'S.

MAKES LEARNING MUSIC SO EASY --IT'S ALMOST LIKE MAGIC!
I DIDN'T KNOW A SINGLE NOTE WHEN I STARTED!
WHAT I LIKE IS THE LOW COST --JUST A FEW CENTS A LESSON!
AND IT'S SO MUCH FUN--YOU START RIGHT OUT PLAYING REAL PIECES!

I'VE LEARNED TO PLAY SO QUICKLY MY FRIENDS ARE SIMPLY AMAZED!

Every One's Talking About This

WONDERFUL, EASY WAY TO LEARN MUSIC!

No Matter WHO You Are, or WHERE You Live, or How LITTLE You Know About Music, You Can Soon Play Your Favorite Pieces by Note. FREE BOOK Tells All About It.

NO WONDER over 850,000 people have chosen this modern way to learn music! Here at last is a method by which anyone can learn to play his favorite musical instrument quickly and easily.

THOUSANDS NOW PLAY WHO NEVER THOUGHT THEY COULD

Didn't Know A Note—Now Plays For Dances

"I DIDN'T KNOW ONE NOTE OF MUSIC! Three months later I started to play for dances. I have been invited to many parties and made people very happy with my music." —**Miss Rosie Montemurro, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.**

Amazes Her Friends

"I bet some friends that I could learn to play the piano quickly. They didn't believe me—because I am slow learning. Imagine their surprise last night when I played for them. One said, 'Why, Louise, it sounds like you've been playing for years!'" —**Louise Gomez, Oakland, Calif.**

"Easy As Falling Off Log"

"It's easy as falling off a log. I have always wanted to play and now a life-long dream is being fulfilled." —**Mrs. Phyllis B. Jones, Blanding, Utah.**

Learns Faster Without Teacher

"I have no special talent — but thanks to your method, I play my guitar (according to impartial people) better than many students who have taken lessons from teachers for longer periods, and naturally at higher cost." —**Myrella-Muquette Saint-Andre, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.**

How Famous Orchestra Leader Got His Start

"I got my start in music with a U. S. School Course. How easy it is to learn to read notes and play an instrument this 'teach yourself' way! In fact, this school did so much for me that I've enrolled my two daughters." — **Lawrence Welk, famous orchestra leader.**

Now there is nothing to prevent you from making your dream of playing music come true!

EVEN IF you don't know a note of music now . . .

EVEN IF there is no music teacher near your home . . .

EVEN IF you couldn't afford private lessons . . .

EVEN IF you can spare only a few minutes a day, or a few hours a week . . .

EVEN IF you are "tied down" to your job or your home . . .

EVEN IF you think you "lack musical talent" . . .

EVEN IF all these things are true of you, we guarantee to show you how to play! So **quickly** your friends will be amazed. So **pleasantly** you'll really look forward to each new lesson. So **inexpensively** you'll never miss the few cents per lesson which it costs!

Secret of Rapid Progress

Instead of making you do tedious scales and tiresome exercises, the U. S. School of Music Lessons (in words and pictures) enable you to **learn by playing real pieces** —right from the very start! As a result, your progress is amazingly rapid. Almost before you realize it, you'll find yourself playing all your favorite pieces **by note.**

Why not let this famous home study method bring the many pleasures of music into YOUR life? It can bring you countless good times. New friends. Extra money from playing or teaching. Greater **listening** pleasure. Possibly a brilliant musical career. Best of all the deep **personal** satisfaction of being able to make your own music—provide your own entertainment.

SEND FOR *Free Book*

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Let us PROVE that what we say is true. See for yourself why our School has been so successful for 53 years. Mail the coupon below, and we'll gladly send you our valuable 36-page FREE BOOK—and also a Free Instruction-Sample you can try out right at home. No obligation; no salesman will call on you. **U. S. School of Music, Studio B1602, Port Washington, N. Y.** (Special Reduced Prices on instruments to our students.)

U. S. School of Music
Studio B1602, Port Washington, N. Y.

I am interested in learning to play, particularly the instrument checked below. Please send me your free illustrated booklet, "**How to Learn Music at Home**" — also the free Instruction-Sample of your simplified words-and-pictures teaching method. NO SALESMAN IS TO CALL UPON ME.

- ☐ Piano
- ☐ Guitar
- ☐ Hawaiian Guitar
- ☐ Violin
- ☐ Piano Accordion
- ☐ Saxophone
- ☐ Clarinet
- ☐ Trumpet, Cornet
- ☐ Pipe, Hammond, Reed Organ
- ☐ Tenor Banjo
- ☐ Ukulele
- ☐ Trombone
- ☐ Flute, Piccolo
- ☐ Modern Elementary Harmony
- ☐ Mandolin
- ☐ Practical Finger Control

Do you have the instrument? . . . . . .

(Mr.)
(Mrs.) . . . . . .
(Miss) **(Please Print Carefully)**

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .
(Zone Number, If Any)

NOTE: If you are under 18 years of age parent must sign coupon.

SIR!

A MAGAZINE FOR MALES

Contents—February, 1952

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HERE'S PROOF...

How This Amazing New Scientific Formula Called *Comate* May Help You

Save Your Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dry itchy scalp, dandruff, if you fear approaching baldness — here is GOOD NEWS!

Now available to you is the amazing new Comate Medicinal Formula, developed after years of painstaking research. Comate effectively controls seborrhea — the scalp disease now believed by many leading doctors to be the most common cause of hair loss and eventual baldness. These doctors declare that three types of dangerous scalp organisms are the cause of this scalp disease: staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, and corynebacterium acnes.

First, Comate was put to a series of rigid tests on cultures of these hair-destroying bacteria. HERE ARE THE STARTLING RESULTS!

PROOF 1

Comate Medicinal Formula killed the three test cultures—staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, corynebacterium acnes — *in 60 seconds!* Report #8099, June 17, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

Our research chemists were still not satisfied. Yes, Comate had proved itself in the test tube, but would Comate work as well on the human hair and scalp? And so another — a second — series of experiments was prescribed, to test Comate on the hair and scalps of men and women. Here is the remarkable performance of Comate when applied *directly to the human scalp.*

PROOF 2

Comate Medicinal Formula, applied directly to scalps of men and women, killed 88.4% of *all* scalp bacteria, after 15 minutes application. Report #26635, December 14, 1950, by a leading independent testing laboratory.

(Complete report on file, copy on request)

After this proof of success both in the laboratory and on the scalps of men and women, Comate was put to the third test — the toughest of them all. Comate was sold by the thousands on a DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE in a number of typical American areas. In 3 short months we have learned that our work and faith in Comate have been vindicated.

PROOF 3

Letters of gratitude hailing Comate have poured into our offices. By word-of-mouth the amazing results with Comate have been told far more effectively than we could in this advertisement. And only 1.9% of Comate users have asked for and received double their money back. Imagine! 98.1% of our customers were delighted with the sensational results from Comate Formula. Report July 27, 1951, by Certified Public Accountant.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Read the PROOF from the laboratory tests — the PROOF from the scalp tests — the PROOF in the letters of gratitude from happy men and women who have found Comate the answer to their scalp troubles.

Comate must accomplish for you what it has for thousands of men and women. You must be completely satisfied, or DOUBLE YOUR MONEY will be returned to you. We take all the risk.

Not even Comate can grow hair from dead hair follicles — so DON'T DELAY — fill out the no-risk coupon while there is still a chance to have thicker-stronger-healthier looking hair. Mail the coupon TODAY.

Actual Experiences of Skeptical Men and Women

PROVE HAIR CAN BE GROWN

From Live Hair Follicles

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C.T., San Angelo, Tex.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out."
—D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

These are a few of the unsolicited testimonials received every day from grateful men and women all over the country. Once you've tried Comate you'll rave about it, too!

RUSH THIS NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., DEPT. 902-C
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush my bottle (30-days supply) of Comate Hair and Scalp Formula in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied or you guarantee DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK upon return of bottle and unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $5.00, Fed. tax incl. (Check, cash, money order.) Send postpaid.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman $5.00 plus postal charges.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign—No C.O.D.'s

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

"Expensive" girls use the Eiffel Tower as a favorite place to catch customers, preferably American.

CURRENT REPORT ON *Prostitution* IN PARIS

Paris is more sinful than ever since prostitution has been outlawed. Now the harlots openly vie for customers on the leading boulevards of the city

By EDWARD EDELSBERG

PARIS is celebrating her two-thousandth birthday this summer, but the old girl is as attractive, expensive and dangerous as she ever was. She will belong to the Americans when the Parisians close their little shops and leave for the mountains, seashore, or relatives just a few streets away. The language of the gay and beautiful boulevards will be English. Of the natives who stay behind, many will be streetwalkers, "les filles serieuses." They speak practical English and they will be prepared to satisfy every taste and almost every pocket.

There are more today than there were before October, 1946. For centuries France had a legal system of prostitution. Girls who wanted to carry on this trade had only to register with the local prefecture. Once every two weeks they reported for medical examination. The authorities decided the number and age of the girls in any one house, whether liquor could be sold, the amount of money the madame could take, and at what hours the girls could solicit trade on the streets.

In October, 1946, the Municipal Council of Paris promulgated Public Law 46,685 closing down the 210 brothels. Other large cities fell in step. It climaxed a fight to erase the disgrace of recognizing prostitution openly.

The campaign was spearheaded by Mme. Marthe Richard, a colorful member of the Municipal Council.

She had been elected to the Legion of Honor for her counterespionage work during World War II. As the mistress of Nazi spy chief Baron Von Krohn in Spain, she succeeded in wrecking his organization.

Mme. Richard herself didn't expect too much from the new law. "All the repression in the world will not end prostitution in France as long as men seek love. But we must first abolish legal tolerance before we can restore national dignity to French women." The Popular Republican Movement had strongly supported her.

A man who laughed at the moral issue involved

Posed by professional model

Parisian gals prefer American men, say they're fine lovers (better than French) and more appreciative.

The famous Paris brothel "The Sphinx" (above) has been converted to a tres-swanky apartment house.

Even though prostitution is outlawed in Paris, there are more harlots today than ever before in history.

Posed by professional model

CURRENT REPORT ON PROSTITUTION IN PARIS

Posed by Professional Models

Stenographers and store clerks get so little salary in Paris, must augment income to be able to live.

made this flat prediction. Gaston Pegeot, spokesman for the French Brotherhood of Brothel Owners, said: "They'll try to enforce the law for a while, but the houses will reopen quietly one by one, and nothing will be done about it!" Remembering his American patrons, he added, "It will not work, just like your 1920 Prohibition Amendment."

One year after the law was passed, another woman member of the Municipal Council, Mme. Janine Rastier-Caille, demanded its repeal. "Morals have gained nothing from the closing of the houses." And, according to her, the VD rate had gone up 87 percent.

ONE of the law's immediate results was driving hundreds of girls into the streets. The brothels had been quietly run, but now their former inmates were added to the noisy, brawling streets. Prices soared because of the danger of fine or imprisonment, or so the girls said. Yet, few of them seemed to regret the loss of their little legal world: business under police supervision and medical inspection. They no longer would have to split with the house.

What had the new law accomplished? Paris doctors will tell you that from the standpoint of health the law made little difference. To begin with, it had affected only a very small percentage of the prostitutes. Paris had about 50,000. Of these, only 1500-2000 worked in the brothels. Their medical examinations lasted an average of two minutes in ill-equipped rooms. Another 5000-6000 reported for medical inspections, got their "working papers" at the local prefecture, and

Posed by Professional Models

Pimps are almost passe in Paris now that prostitution is outlawed. Girls work alone, keep all money.

thus legalized their activities. But the great majority were free lancers who flooded the streets chancing the law and scorning disease.

Several months ago I gave a week to find out what the girls thought of the law. I spent most of my time in Pigalle because the area is filled with them. They're dense in the Place Pigalle and thin out gradually along the streets that radiate from it. It's an ideal set up for a survey. Not one of the girls objected to talking and many of them made sense.

I asked one tiny, baby-faced girl wearing an old black suit sizes too large for her: "Aren't you afraid of being caught? The law is strict. You know you can be fined between 1000 and 10,000 francs, and be imprisoned from six months to five years."

"Oh, I know all that," she said impatiently. "It's a joke."

"Don't the police enforce the law?"

"No. Most of the time no one bothers us. If you should go and complain to the police that a girl is annoying you, the police would arrest her. She would be fined a small sum. That's all." I promised never to call a policeman—if there was one to be had around the Place Pigalle.

The girl standing next to her was a sturdy campaigner whose unattractiveness had condemned her to Pigalle for her prostitute's lifetime. "Do you think there is more venereal disease now that the girls don't have to report for medical inspection?" I had expected her to laugh.

"That is no problem," she said. "Penicillin takes care of it quickly. Do not think the medical inspections were really any good. More formality than anything else."

I asked one ash blonde, a favorite color among the girls, "How is business?" "Not so good," she said, making a wry face, "there are too many of us," and pointed at her friendly competitors stretched down the street. "Only the summer trade brings money."

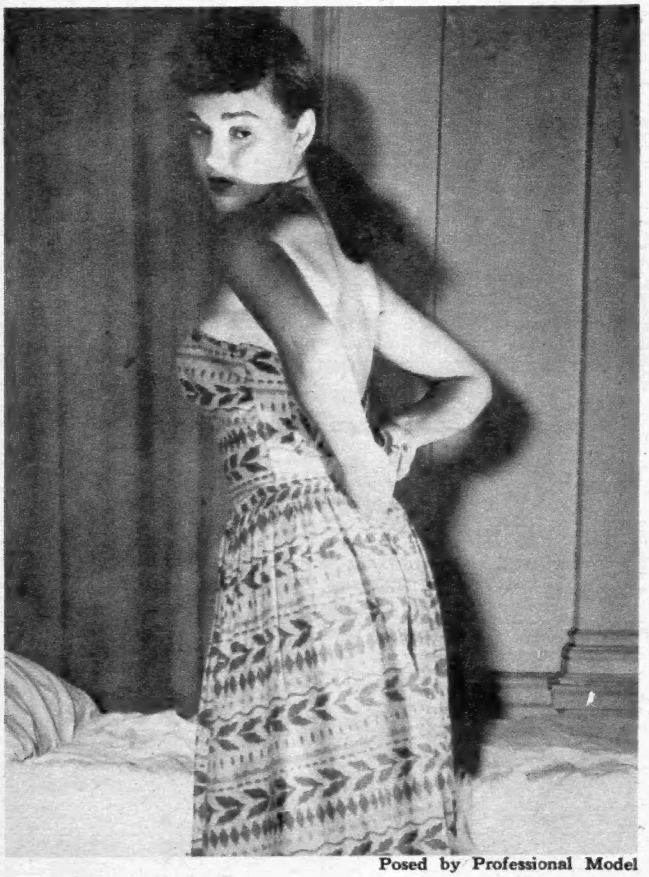
ONE evening I joined forces with an English reporter and a young American physician. The journalist was average height, slender, wore shorts, and sported a large mustache that seemed enormous for his build. The girls ogled and whistled at him—but none tried to attack him. When some of the girls discovered the other man was a doctor, they offered themselves free. (They were itching to fix him.) He begged out of it, saying his back was taped because he had wrenched it playing squash (he had) and he wasn't feeling well. The girls jeered at his explanation.

In theory, too, the law is tough on hotel keepers. I talked to many in Montmartre and the St. Germain-des-Pres section on the left bank.

One short, squat man wearing a beret was sitting under his hotel sign that said, among other things, "All Modern Comforts." Almost all the small hotels in Paris carry this big lie. I explained to him what I was after and he pulled up a chair for me. "The law is much harder on us than on the girls. If we are caught, we could get six months to two years in jail, or fines up to 200,000 francs. The authorities could close my place. It is not worth taking a chance."

In another hotel a fat, middle-aged woman standing at the desk called her husband when she learned what I wanted. He looked me over carefully and asked

(Continued on page 80)



Posed by Professional Model

Most of the girls speak practical English, prefer Americans. Italians are next in line for "popularity."

Posed by Professional Model

This scene from French film "Panic" is pretty close to life. Girls wear much mascara and heavy makeup.

A Flying Boxcar (C-119) of the Far East Force strews its tons of vital supplies over UN troops.

It's Here To Stay

By EDWIN M. HUNT

IN ancient days of warfare veterans of combat had no reason to look to the sky for help except to pray. What ammunition and supplies the soldier needed that he couldn't carry on his back were transported by horses, mules or elephants.

But in these modern days of the Korean conflict, it is to the sky that the United Nations forces look for tactical and logistical support. When roads become swamps and trucks spin helplessly in the mud with their supplies of food and ammunition, a call for help brings Combat Cargo planes swooping low to drop rations to the fighting men. Or when the enemy cuts a supply line or isolates a battalion, it isn't long before C-46 Commandos or even the modern elephant of the air, C-119 flying boxcars, drop out of the sky, and at altitudes of 500 to 600 feet kick out life-saving cargos of rations and ammunition.

The organization responsible for the operation of the modern miracle of the Korean Airlift is the Far East Air Forces 315th Air Division (Combat Cargo) under the command of Brig. Gen. John P. Henebry of Kenilworth, Ill., the youngest general in the Air Force. A veteran of World War II, as are most of the men under his command, General Henebry came to the Far East with the 437th Troop Carrier Wing, the first reserve wing mobilized in the Korean War. The wing is now flying courier runs under the 315th Air Division (Combat Cargo) and is made up of veterans from the Chicago area.

Captain Jane Murphy, flight nurse of Medical Air Evacuation, believes a smile is the best medicine.

When the United Nations forces went north across the 38th parallel for the first time, stretching their supply lines tenuously, the need for sustained supply by aircraft was apparent. Ammunition, gas and rations had to reach them quickly, and FEAF's round-the-clock Korean Airlift began.

The C-54 Skymaster, C-47 Skytrains and the C-46 Commandos were the types of planes used in the early phase of the airlift. All were cargo-carrying veterans of World War II. The huge C-119 Flying Boxcars were then unproven, raw recruits. But they soon received their aerial baptism and became one of the most valuable of the transports.

ALMOST from the first day old airlift records were broken and new possibilities for the use of cargo aircraft seen. As the conflict continued, glowing reports poured in from army commanders in the field. The late Gen. W. H. Walker said that airlift support to forward elements of the 8th Army, when such an operation was his only means of supply, permitted his ground troops to continue their combat mission in forward areas.

Within a few weeks of airlift operation it was recognized that for the first time a major phase of a war had been successfully sustained for days almost entirely by aircraft. A few figures show how such a feat was possible.

The largest airlift operation for a single day took place March 23, 1951 at the town of Munsan. In an attempt to cut off 20,000 fleeing Reds, the 187th Regimental Combat Team and its equipment were dropped from 145 C-119 Flying Boxcars and C-46 Commando transports. From the planes 3,500 paratroopers swung out into space. Behind them dropped 384 tons of combat equipment including jeeps. Then during the next four days the Combat Team was resupplied almost entirely by air.

(*Continued on page* 63)

Wounded Communist soldiers are taken to an army general hospital in South Korea by Air Transport.

AIR TRANSPORT DOES IT FOR US IN KOREA

The 315th Air Division, on Operation Kiddie Car, took a thousand children from Red-menaced Seoul.

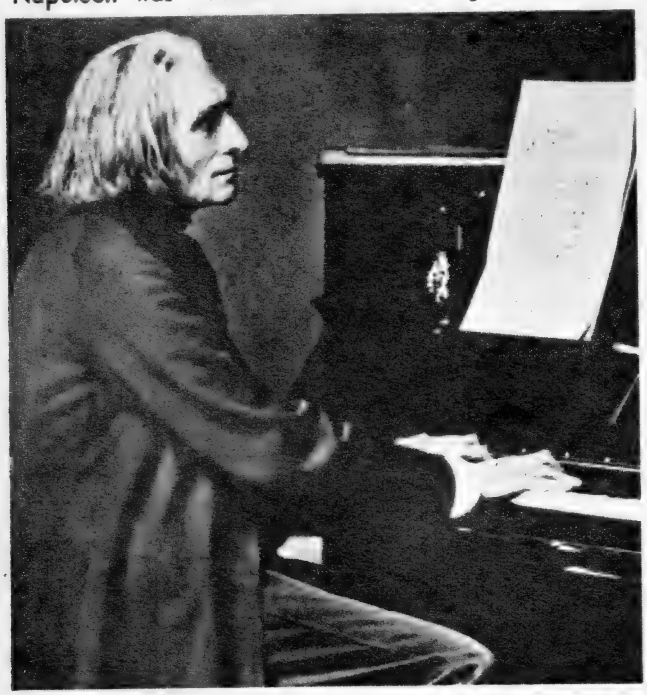
Far East Airforce planes have dropped over a hundred and eighty million leaflets on enemy positions.

DOES SEX CONTROL BRAIN POWER?

By ALBERT A. BRANDT

Science now believes that there is a very close relationship between genius and abnormal sex capacity

A sexual and intellectual superman in his youth, Napoleon was "burned out" at the age of 45.



Franz Liszt had innumerable mistresses, was so pursued by women he found refuge in a monastery.

ONE of the most astounding facts about the mysterious association between the human mind and body (*psycho-soma*) is the connection between a high degree of sexuality and equally high brain-power.

"Study a genius," the psychiatrists say firmly, "and you will find a person who is highly sexed, possessed of a tremndous sex drive. Usually he is a person who lives a fuller sex life than his less-brilliant associates and neighbors, and not infrequently his sexual drive is so great that it drives him to excesses that thwart his constructive purposes in life.

"Many a genius is ridden by a sexual hunger that he copes with in one of three ways: he allows it unlimited expression, in some individuals without any apparent loss of creative productivity and even with a heightening of quality and quantity of work; he vaccillates between periods of great sexual and great mental activity, concentrating on sex and intellectual creativity in alternation; or he rigorously suppresses his sexual impulses, consciously diverting them to mental activities by a process known as 'sublimation.' "

History is replete with the names of geniuses who were known to have been highly sexed, and it is probably impossible to cite one who was sub-normal in sexual capacity. Many have been perverted or otherwise abnormal in their manner of expressing sexuality, and not a few have been sex criminals; but all have had tremendous sexual force and energy, even though, in some cases, it was distorted.

Oscar Wilde's genius made him famous; his sex life infamous.

Even the most debauched Romans were shocked by Nero's depravity.

Peter Tschaikowsky was a homosexual who went on drunken orgies.

Because sex is now known to be a powerful stimulator of mental activity, because it can actually be considered as one of the basic—if not the most basic—"keys" to achievement, why not analyze yourself frankly for virility? You should be able, without consulting a psychiatrist, to form an opinion as to whether or not you are reasonably well-sexed and attractive to women. And if you are dissatisfied with yourself as a male, there are, fortunately, simple procedures by which sexual capacity may be improved.

(For example, as noted in SIR! October, 1951 issue, an increase of Vitamin E, the only "natural aphrodisiac," in the diet will often increase sexual vigor and capacity, with a corresponding increase in mental health. Vitamin E is found in whole wheat, wheat-germ oil, meat, milk, butter, eggs and lettuce.)

Any unbalance in the functioning of the endocrine glands, those mysterious organs whose secretions are absorbed directly into the system, also affects sexual activity and mental power. Many geniuses—such as Napoleon Bonaparte—were endocrine freaks, with abnormally active pituitary, thyroid and adrenal glands. Napoleon's overactive endocrine glands, in fact, "burned him out," so that he became practically sexless and of fumbling intelligence at the age of forty-five. But while his endocrines were stimulating without yet destroying him, he was both a sexual and intellectual superman.

Fortunately, endocrine disturbances are easily recognizable by competent medical men, and various treatments, including glandular feeding, are now available. This does not mean "hopping up" the endocrines so that they produce "synthetic geniuses," but rather restoring them to normal functioning whenever possible. You do not have to be abnormally sexed—but rather healthily and strongly sexed—to meet the sexual requirements of genius.

THUS Johann Sebastian Bach, the greatest musical composer of all time, was highly but not freakishly sexed. Married twice, he lived a full and active sex life, siring sixteen children, while pursuing an equally full musical career. Franz Liszt, the greatest pianist of all time, had innumerable mistresses, and was so pursued by women that from time to time he secluded himself in a monastery, but he was not a sex monster, only extremely highly sexed.

Peter Tchaikowsky, on the other hand, was a homosexual who varied between drunken orgies and periods of frantic work. So was Oscar Wilde. And, though their work bore the stamp of genius, it was the genius of diseased minds.

Fortunately, it may soon be possible to cure most cases of homosexuality by endocrine-gland treatment.

Among the geniuses who are known to have been highly but not abnormally sexed are Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, Andrew Carnegie, William Shakespeare, Robert Burns, George Washington,

(*Continued on page* 57)

Johann Sebastian Bach was highly but not freakishly sexed. He was married twice, sired sixteen children.

Gypsy Rose Lee demonstrates how to have it on, and yet not!

Georgia Southern is about to take a bow as her fans say Bow Wow!

Georgia does her "jet-propelled" strip. . . . She takes it off fast.

STATE FAIR Strippers

By ARTHUR EVERETT SCOTT

STATE FAIRS are usually annual conventions where farmers get together to look over the livestock, but Iowa recently held a State Fair in Des Moines that turned into a five-star (and garter) lulu! The stock exhibited was certainly live, very much on display on the hoof, and much of it was raised on the farm. However, the herd on display at the fair conducted by America's leading farm state—was a human one: girlie-show-dancers! The whole project created something of a hassle when it sparked off a political issue that might flame into a four-alarm fire in the coming gubernatorial campaign.

Putting out pretties to pasture on the green lettuce in the peasants' pocketbooks now looms as the crux of a dastardly Republican plot—if the Democrats are to be believed. (Believe either ones—we take no sides in this particular rhubarb.)

"Nudity runs riot!" charged 75-year-old Frank Moorhead after he visited the midway at the Republican-appointed Iowa State Fair. Moorhead is Publicity Chief of Iowa's Democratic party.

Perhaps the state with the most fertile soil in the world may be excused for hatching up new ideas in the presentation of state fairs. But Mr. Moorhead was in no excusing mood—never is, in fact, where Republicans are concerned. The idea, he insisted, was as old as the hills of the Hawkeye State. And smelly, too, in a way not befitting the fragrance of the wild rose, which is Iowa's state flower.

The performances, he alleged, were "mixtures of the hula, muscle dance, *danse du ventre* (belly-dance), strip tease and nude posturing."

Ann Corio is a very popular gal with flowers surrounding her head.

Bashful strippers have a hard life with their on again off again plans.

Betty Rowland smiles contentedly. She's just completed a fine strip.

GO TOO FAR

The pretty gals dancing over Iowa way really needed a blue ribbon—they had nothing else!

Unfortunately there is no available record of what the GOPs did reply to him. They may have taken the stance of ignoring the whole deal as just another tempest in a Mississippi teapot. Or, again, they may have aptly come back at him with a quotation from the State Motto:

"Our Liberties We Prize and Our Rights We Will Maintain."

But there was no doubt about the reaction to this hoopla in the minds of ordinary Iowans. They flocked to the Des Moines flesh-and-spangle in droves. In a crude attempt at humor, "Life" magazine reported: "Attendance promptly stripled."

FROM the Hawkeye State to Hongkong is, indeed, a far cry. But not so far a cry when one considers that audiences are the same everywhere. Flesh entertainment? They eat it up there, too: even when it comes out of cans. Canned burlesque—stage shows converted to the screen with slight changes here and there—seem to be supplying the demand for the real article, of which the customer has been so long deprived.

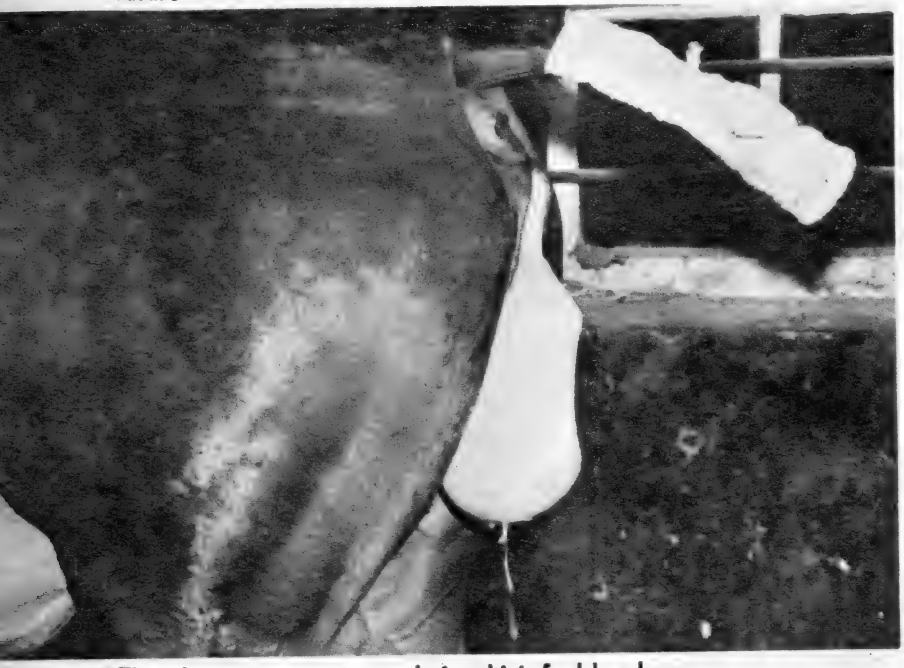
At one time chorus girls used to be the exclusive property of the "stage-door Johnnies" who could afford to bask in their company. But now television has brought the chorine, with all her pretty pirouettes, into the American home. What is the result? Nobody goes to the movies any more and Hollywood is screaming the blues.

There is an old saying that you can take the girl out of the country but you can't take the country out of the girl. The Des Moines State Fair proved you can drag the farmer out of the farm—but you can't drag his brain out of the barnyard.

And so it comes about that enterprising independent film producers can concoct a cinema sleeper out of

(*Continued on page* 54)

"Teasing"—the mare, First Gun, is introduced to future mate War Admiral, son of late Man O' War.



The placenta, or water sack, in which foal has been carried, shows first. First Gun lies down to foal.

BIRTH of a RACE HORSE

By CLAIR WALTER

SHE has no name. She is new to life and a little scared of most everything. She has exactly four too many legs to cope with. She is a new-born horse worth ten thousand dollars.

The story behind this filly and other youngsters like her is the story of the Kentucky Bluegrass Stud Farms, where the real sport of racing is considered to be the breeding of winners. Whether this filly will become a great champion or not will depend on many things. She must have good training, a good jockey and good luck. But the most important thing of all is something that she has had since the moment she was conceived—good breeding. She is out of First Gun, by War Admiral, and she has Man o' War blood in her, for her father, War Admiral, was sired by that great champion.

Her breeding is excellent, but down around Lexington, Kentucky it is not remarkable, for in the bluegrass area the breeding of winners is a science and an art, requiring a keen knowledge of eugenics and blood lines as well as wealth, patience and the time to put combined know-how to a test.

She has a fine chance of becoming a champion, for Kentucky blue-grass-bred horses, make up half the winners on the first-class American tracks and a large majority of Derby firsts. She will have a wonderful land to grow up in. The firm, dry turf, the long, easy smooth rolls of land, the pools of water and clumps of open woods are ideally suited for her development. The high calcium and phosphorus

The foaling is almost completed. The operation at this point is successful and the new-born filly is out except for her hind legs.

A spindly, awkward little foal, this youngster may be the champion you will cheer tomorrow!

content of the grass and the water will give her light, solid bones, elastic muscles and strong tendons.

Her stud farm and the others around Lexington represent a total estimated investment of more than fifty million dollars. She and the other horses on these farms are worth another twenty-five million.

She is an expensive colt, for yearlings of distinguished parentage cost upwards of ten thousand dollars, and for the person that eventually buys her she will become even more expensive because it will cost that person about five thousand dollars a year to keep her racing.

Considering the tremendous expense involved in a colt such as this, her training will be handled carefully and expertly. A foal should be weaned at five or six months of age, and should be housed when necessary to save the foal-flesh. Our little filly will be liberally fed, but she will not be overfed, for young horses that are given too much to eat usually become weak-limbed and top-heavy.

At a very early age, the young lady will be "gentled". She will be

Sleek as a seal, and with a beautiful white blade on its forhead, the new baby is dried off to keep from catching cold in cool air.

BIRTH OF A RACE HORSE

A universal picture, representing the never-ending miracle of life, the mare nudzles her helpless colt in its first hour of existence.

The youngster is healthy. She decides that food is a pleasant part of her new-found world. Ten hours later, she tries her first run.

handled by experts who are kind and loving, and who will see to it that she does not develop a hatred or fear of human beings or any of the other myriad things in life that seem puzzling to her now.

Later, she will begin her elementary training. She will be led with a halter in order to adjust herself to being led by humans. Being a race horse, she will also be taught to "break"—that is, taught to bound straight into a gallop from a standing position, for in her future career as a racer, a good break may often mean the difference of winning or losing a race.

There are three main qualities that her trainer must possess. They are firmness, a good temper and incessant vigilance. Carelessness in trusting too much to a young colt that begins its training by being docile is often the cause of later bad habits that need never have developed.

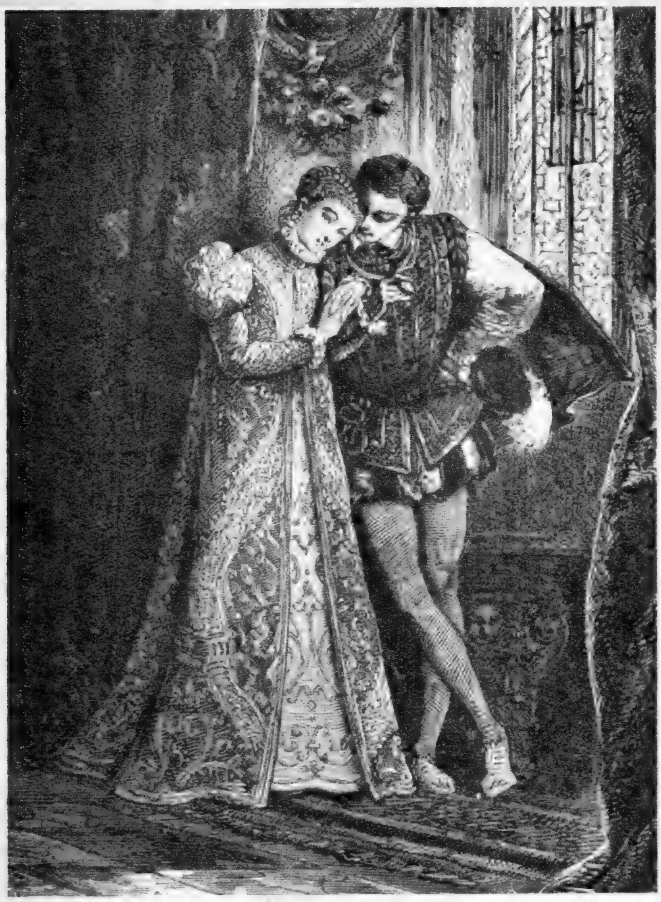
Most bad habits and bad tempers in a horse are caused directly by unsatisfactory management on the part of the trainer. There is an old saying that "The horse alone will return exactly what it is given." So if you give the horse bad treatment, look out. If you are kind and gentle with the same horse, these qualities will be returned double.

Our filly has no name, but she has the blood of champions coursing through her veins. She may become vicious or gentle. She may become sulky or spirited. Our little gal may go down hill, or she may become the greatest champion of them all. Horse racing history may be in the making as this filly takes her first few wobbling steps.

THE END

"Stop applauding, Henry, she hasn't done anything yet!"

Toward the end of his reign Henri gave up his personal Court of Mignons (homosexuals), became a monk in strictest order of church.



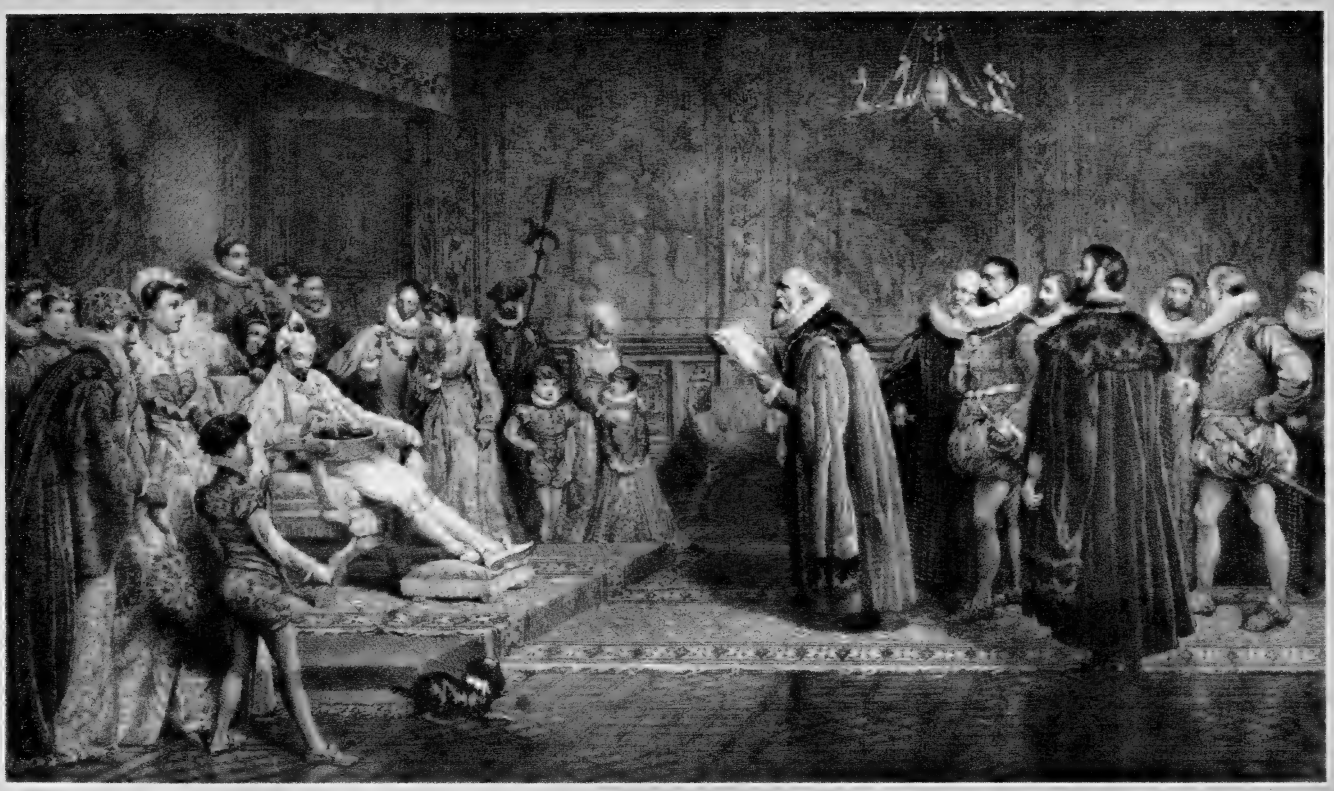
Francis II and Mary Stuart were lovers several years before marriage; she was a fifteen-year-old bride.

THE SEX *Monster* WHO WAS A KING

By JOHN CHARR

THE most infamous man in history was Henri III, King of France from 1574 to 1589. He was a sex murderer, rapist, pervert and a homosexual. History records no other ruler so utterly debased. Some authorities have awarded him the revolting distinction of "Henri the Hyper-erotic." Contemporaries merely called him "Monster" and the "Beast."

Born of the most sexually and morally depraved parentage imaginable (his mother was the Medici princess Catherine, herself a nymphomaniac and a political murderess *par excellance*), Henri gave full vent



Henri III and his masculine entourage affected feminine clothes—were replete with mascara, rouge, perfume, lots of ribbons and bows.

The wickedest man in the world once ruled France and led it to the worst period of lust-ridden terror in history

to his unbridled lusts from early childhood, and in later years, perhaps as a result of syphilis, developed the unnatural practices and the "male court" that have made his name synonomous with debauchery and evil.

Many monarchs have been sexually unlicensed, evil, and bestial in one way or another; it remained for Henri to go the limit in all of them. There is no doubt that he was insane. His very manner of death is an eternal testimonial to the depths of his depravity; in 1589, when he was 36 years old, he was stabbed to death in righteous justice by a Dominican monk named Clement, who had revolted against his many sex crimes, including the rape of novice nuns.

Henri III of France was born in 1551. As before mentioned, his mother was the infamous de Medici, who had married Francois I of France and who did much to make the Court of France the veritable swamp of sexual crimes and excesses it later became under her son.

With her strong sexual drive, lust for power, and uncanny ability at scheming and treachery, Henri's mother put into effect a scheme which, in effect, gave her "eyes and ears" throughout the entire Court. She brought with her to France a carefully selected group of ladies, who ostensibly were her ladies-in-waiting but actually were her spies. Each one of these women—who were far above the average in beauty—was magnificently attired and jeweled, for an ages-old purpose. Each one, when the Queen so commanded,

(*Continued on page* 66)

Notorious Catherine de Medici was Henri's mom; she trained him in debauchery from the cradle up.

ARE HORMONES THE FOUNTAIN OF Youth?

By HOMER SHANNON

Everlasting youth may be possible in our lifetime if the latest scientific discoveries live up to their promise

SINCE long before Hippocrates and Ponce de Leon, medical men and *voyageurs* of many sorts have been seeking the same thing—the key to eternal youth.

Theoretically, every living thing is immortal. But some creatures die from starvation and thirst, others because they are attacked by disease, and still others —the great majority—because their maximum life-span seems set by some mysterious time-clock built into their bodies by Nature.

Can that time-clock be stopped—or at least slowed down to a considerable extent, permitting you and me to live 150, 500, perhaps 1,000 years or more?

For the first time, it appears that medical science is actually slowing the time-clock in some instances. More encouraging, it may be that the time-clock can be stopped entirely in the not-too-distant future. Man would then, barring disease, accident and so on, be literally immortal.

Contrary to widely held opinion, man appears capable of conquering the problem of food supply. Plant foodstuffs have already been synthesized, synthetic chloryphyll—the green substance in plants which enables them to transform sunlight and lifeless chemicals into food—is just around the corner; it will soon be possible to grow vegetation on bare rock in absolute darkness. With atomic power a reality and power direct from the stars a near-future probability, limitless sources of energy will be available, and man will be able to colonize other planets, and feed himself after he arrives.

The swift conquest of disease, too, appears likely. We need mention only the anti-biotics, or "life destroyers" which, fortunately for us, are carefully selected to kill only germs inimical to us. The best known antibiotic, of course, is penicillin, which is produced from a mold that grows on cheese and which has cured—among other infections—syphilis in eight days and gonorrhea in fifteen hours. Another is streptomycin—also processed from a mold—which kills many virulent micro-organisms. A third known as *aureomycin* (*aureo* means yellow and the mold is of golden hue) has been used effectively against scores of ailments—meningitis, gonorrhea, pneumonia, psit-

Scientists have discovered that some hormones arrest physical degeneration, make men younger.

If Ponce de Leon had used microscope instead of a searching party, he'd have found Youth Fountain.

Ancients believed Adam and Eve had eternal youth, lost it. Above, famous painting by Luca Giordano.

Many vital disease-resisting cells are taken from cows, processed, then injected into human beings.

tacosis, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, typhoid fever, rickettsialpox, bladder ailments and many others.

Chloromycetin, in preliminary tests with animals, has cured undulant fever, dysentary, some forms of tuberculosis, and typhoid fever; terramycin, first isolated in Indiana, may prove the cure for influenza and has already cured pneumonia, shingles, whooping cough and other infections.

These are but a few of the rapidly growing list of anti-biotics which have already saved millions of lives. Of particular significance is the fact that many of the anti-biotics, because of their great germ-killing power, are expected to greatly reduce infection deaths among persons whose natural resistance to such infection has been lowered or destroyed by radiation received in atomic attacks. This is a "highly important advance" in medical defense, according to the Atomic Energy Commission.

The conquest of dread lockjaw—one of the most terrible of the germ diseases—may have already been accomplished, at least in some cases, through administration of a muscle-relaxing drug known as mephenesin, which is somewhat similar to the South American

(*Continued on page* 55)

The SQUEALER

By J. V. DERAGON

IT was Clark, our little engineer, who found him, leastways he was there first. Right after I heard the scream I come runnin' in from the viner shed and saw him standin' there by the big 400. The machine was stopped, its turret motionless. We had quit runnin' peas at midnight and it was only about half an hour since the last cans had come off her, so she should've still been runnin' to work the water out after wash-up. Then I see her belt hangin' in a shaky arc from the drive clutch to the main shaft. She'd come off the pulley. A ladder was in place, her two hooks raspin' on the shaft above and right beneath it lay Alec Henderson. He looked very dead lyin' there all huddled up and his blood was mixin' with the water on the concrete floor and runnin' into the center drain.

Clark's face was pasty. His little pig eyes reminded me of an animal caught in a trap and he licked nervously at his lips. He pointed to the flappin' belt.

"Alec missed it," he said. You didn't need a blueprint to figger that. It's easy to miss a drive belt on a twenty-two inch pulley runnin' over two-fifty a minute. It wasn't like Alec to even try it at that speed.

I bent over and felt for a heart-beat. There was nothin' at all. The back of his head was bashed in Clark said, "He must've caught his sleeve in the belt and the pulley whipped him right over the shaft and threw him down here."

The engineer was scared as a cat, and fidgety. I

The body lay in a pool of blood, the victim of a perfect crime — perfect but for one small detail . . .

was kind of shook myself. The rumble of machinery in the plant continued, and right over my head I heard this squeal in the end shaft hanger. "Squee-squeee-squee—!" it said, over an' over again, with a shrill insistence that cut right into your ears.

"WHAT the hell were you doin' here when it happened?" I barked, because I was in a bad temper after a sixteen hour day and Alec Henderson was one of my best friends and a top-notch millwright. I wished it had been anyone else who found Alec instead of that snivellin' Clark. There was somethin' dirty about that guy. It started with his face an' the broken yellow teeth and the nose with straggly hairs growin' out of it, and it went right inside to his soul, if he had one. I don't know where he got his second class papers but we could never be too fussy about our engineers what with the pay and the fact it was a temporary job durin' the canning season. I figger him as a bum, but as long as he could keep the old Corliss turnin' over and steam in the boiler, that's all that mattered.

He looked scared for a minute at my question, then he said, "I was coming through from the boiler room to the office, that's all. I see this belt hangin' slack and Alec is up the ladder tryin' to throw her down and right then he caught. For a second I thought it was okay, until I saw Alec go right around with 'er!"

I stepped a bit closer to the engineer. He had been hittin' the wine again. He drank it 'cause it's cheap and he could get a good jag on. I said, "What were

(*Continued on page* 70)

NON-VIRGIN *Clubs* AMERICA'S *Shame*

By CLIFFORD McGUINNESS

The adolescents involved in the scandalous affairs come from every kind of family, rich and poor.

CALL the place Middletown, U.S.A. Call the man in the case Dr. Jones. And the girl? Let's call her Judy. For, though the incident is real, there is no sense in stirring up further scandal for people who have already suffered enough.

The girl, Judy, was a teenager. Judy lacked nothing that a more mature woman could boast about.

While the teenage sex orgies in Indiana have hogged the headlines, authorities claim the condition exists in every one of the states.

All photos posed by professional models

The most shocking condition in America today is the rotten corruption of our youth. You owe it to yourself and to your country to know the brutal truth!

Many of the parties start out with drinking, but large cities report a heightened use of marijuana, sometimes even more potent drugs.

As she sauntered idly down Main Street, her hips rolled provocatively—so much so that the driver of one of those huge sixteen-wheeled behemoths of interstate commerce that came rolling down the street behind her, glued his eyes on the richness of what she had to offer, and let out a long wolf-whistle.

Judy heard it and, smiling proudly, took a deep intake of breath so that the outlines of her tight sweater were even more firmly filled.

A blast of auto horns recalled the truck-driver to his senses—to the red light half a block ahead. Frantically he began punching away at his air-brakes. It was no use. With all the elephantine momentum of a freight-car gone berserk on a down-grade, the huge truck sailed unswervingly through and beyond the red light, scaring the wits out of several other motorists, who owed their lives to their sharper alertness.

Pleased, Judy laughed aloud.

"They really go for it," she chortled happily to herself, "that's for *sure!*"

But then she remembered her mission and became more serious. She scanned Main Street, up and down. And then she saw what she was after. A middle-aged man, a stranger to her, was looking in the window of a camera-store a couple of doors away. She sauntered over.

"I like that big camera in the middle," she said to him without preamble.

Startled, he turned to look at her.

"I'm afraid I just don't recall your name, Miss — Miss —"

"Judy will do."

He bowed formally, introducing himself.

"I am Dr. Jones."

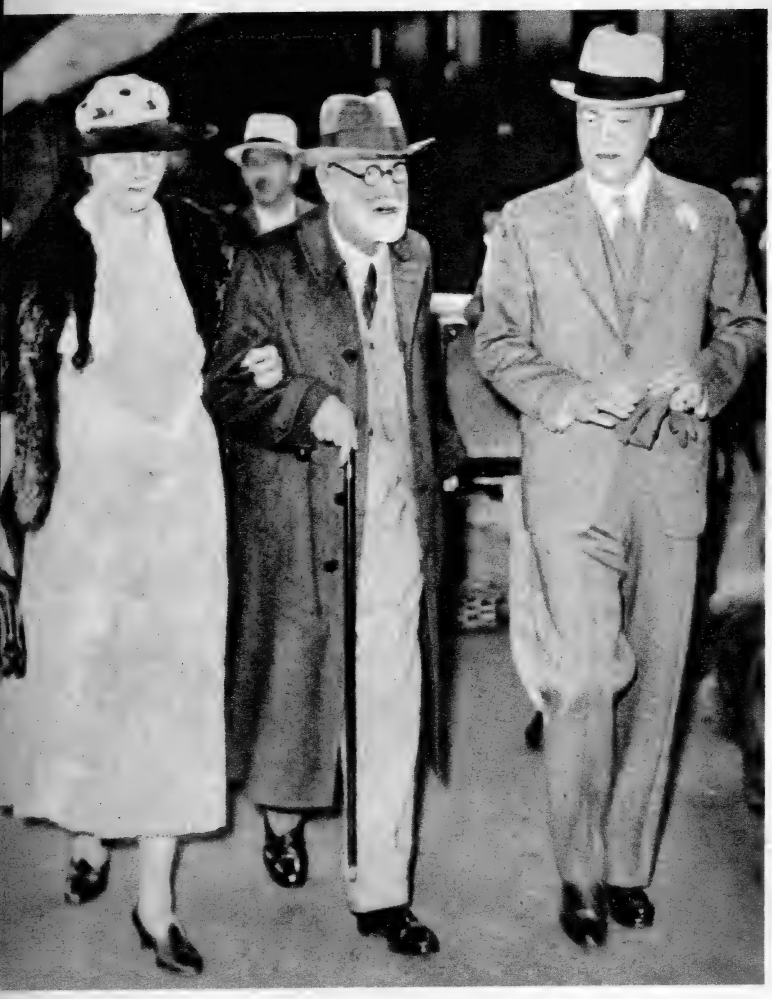
She had never gone to church, or the name would have meant something to her. In fact it is doubtful if she had heard him or, hearing, paid any attention. She was intent on her mission.

"We have a camera like that down at the club—it's the kind that develops the pictures right away, so we don't have to let outsiders see them. Would you like to come down to the club with me now? Here, I'll show you a picture of some of the boys and girls in action. Take a look at this—doesn't that *send* you?"

The minister took one look and nearly fainted.

"What is the name of the club of yours?" he finally managed to gasp.

(*Continued on page* 60)



Famed psychologist Dr. Sigmund Freud (center) said that most dreams are fulfillments of sex desires.

Dreaming about women, snakes and apples is indication of frustration, also reveals supreme potency.

Dreams CAN MEASURE YOUR Sex POWER

By THORP McCLUSKY

Want to find out how virile you are?

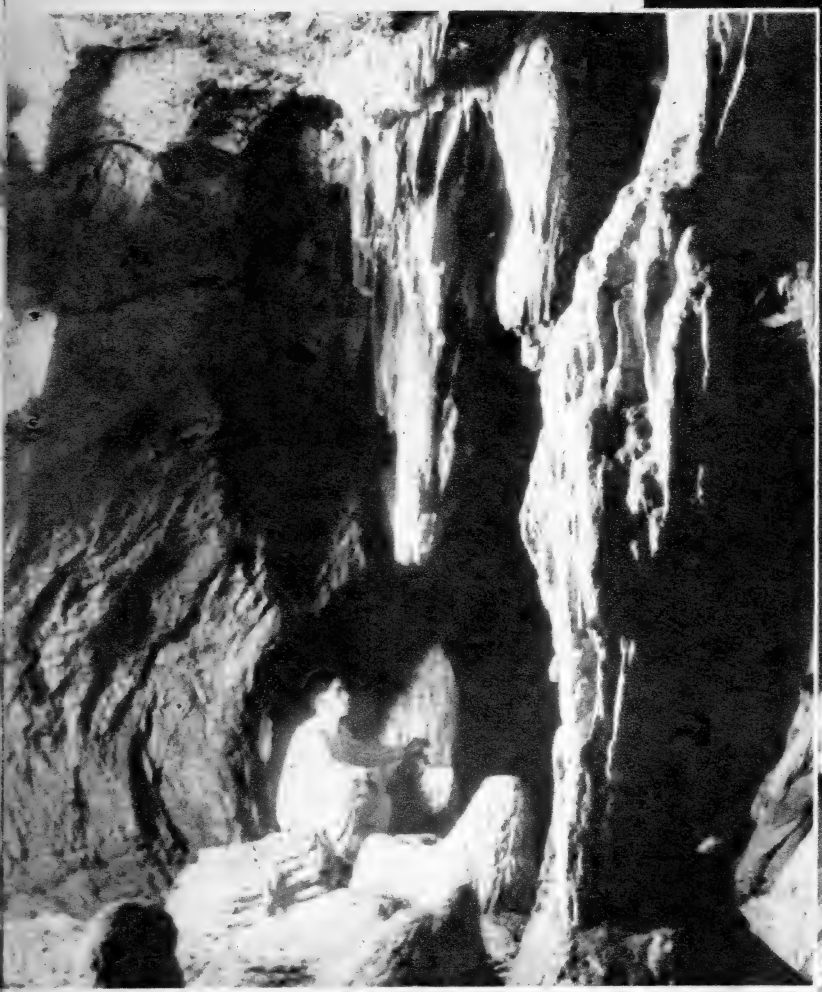
Your dreams are a certain give-away!

THE world-renowned English psychologist, Dr. A. A. Brill, in his book *Psychoanalysis,* writes of a male patient of his who, while being treated for psychosexual impotence (impotence arising from mental and not physical causes), dreamed that he was suffering from syphilis.

On the day prior to the dream, Dr. Brill notes, he and the patient had discussed promiscuous sexuality. In the course of the discussion some of the penalties for such unbridled wantonness were mentioned—among them a very serious deterrent to the thinking person, the possibility of infection with a venereal disease.

"He grimly remarked, 'There is no danger of my becoming infected,' " Dr. Brill states. " 'I couldn't if I tried.' "

The night following this session, however, the patient dreamed he was suffering from syphilis. This, in Dr. Brill's interpretation, was an obvious example of a wish-fulfillment dream; the patient was impotent but greatly desired to regain his potency, he associated syphilis with promiscuity, and the dream that he had



Caves are symbols of womanhood, recur in dreams of men (servicemen, convicts), away from home.

actually contracted syphilis assured him that he really was potent.

Of course, the dream was a lie. Many wish-fulfillment and so-called "convenience" dreams are lies—the dream, common to many GI's in wretched surroundings overseas, of being home again and enjoying the finest of foods, drinks, and romances; the dream of a person with financial worries that he is finding money by the washtubful; and the dream—when actually hungry or thirsty—of eating or drinking.

All these lying dreams have a definite purpose—to allow the person to continue his sleep until he is thoroughly rested. Otherwise, we'd be waking up all the time. The psychosexually impotent man mentioned by Dr. Brill, for example, would probably have awakened had not a wish-fulfillment dream temporarily relieved him of his anxiety.

Psychiatrists now know that all

(*Continued on page* 58)

Dreams of going entirely or partly nude in public (or being overly dressed), accompanied with a feeling of shame, spells frustration.

"GHOSTS ARE

By CLARK HUFFAKER

THE janitor's attitude was puzzling, to say the least. First he squinted curiously into a dark corner of the apartment, then he sniffed uncomfortably as he said "Mister, are you sure you want this apartment? Don't you think the rent's a little high?"

I looked the man over as carefully as the dim light allowed. He was on the old side of fifty but, aside from a frightened look in his rheumy eyes, seemed to be perfectly sober.

"Yes," I answered. "I want this apartment and the rent is about right."

"There's not much of a view," he persisted.

"Who wants to look out of windows?"

"It's not furnished too good. Sofa's all beat up."

"It can be covered," I told him. "If I was a married man it would be different. I'm not, so this place is okay by me."

"Mister," he said as he squinted at his shoes for a change, "I might as well tell you that two tenants have moved out of this place in the last three weeks. Maybe I shouldn't be telling you this but . . . well, they said the place was haunted."

He went to the sofa and pushed it away from the wall. "Look," he said, pointing at a chunk of white plaster on the floor.

"Yeah? So what?"

"Bullet hole."

"Oh."

"Seven weeks ago. Tenant got murdered. Guy missed once and made this hole. Tenant was foolin' around with too many girls. Now he's hauntin' the place and I guess you don't want it."

"I'll take it. Places are hard to find."

He shrugged and we went in search of the landlady.

A FEW nights later, after the apartment had been fixed up and our house-warming party was about to begin, there was a gentle reminder of the ghost story.

There was no groaning, no clanking of chains in the closet, and

SEX-MINDED"

even the little chandelier in the living room stood still, but Lucille, one of my favorite dames who had come early to talk about the weather and things, came out of the bathroom and said, "Say Mike, did you just come in there and pinch me?"

"No. But it's not a bad idea."

"Don't be a clown," she growled, getting right to the point. "I just got pinched by an expert, and it hurts!"

"Do you want me to rub the spot? —with liniment that is?"

"Seriously Mike, I've heard your place is haunted and by God, I just got pinched with no one in the room and the door locked."

Party guests began drifting in, and Lucille forgot all about her sore spot. She forgot anyway until about two o'clock. At two, a cute blonde was sitting alone on the couch. How she happened to be alone, no one knows, but she suddenly yelled bloody murder so loud that at least half the gang dropped their drinks on the floor. I dropped a fifth of bourbon I'd been opening.

"What the hell," I said. I always know just what to say.

The blonde stood up and stared angrily and bleary-eyed around the room. "If you guys want to grab my knee," she stated flatly, "don't sneak up on me to do it!"

The boys looked at her and then at each other. "You must've grabbed your own knee," Joe said.

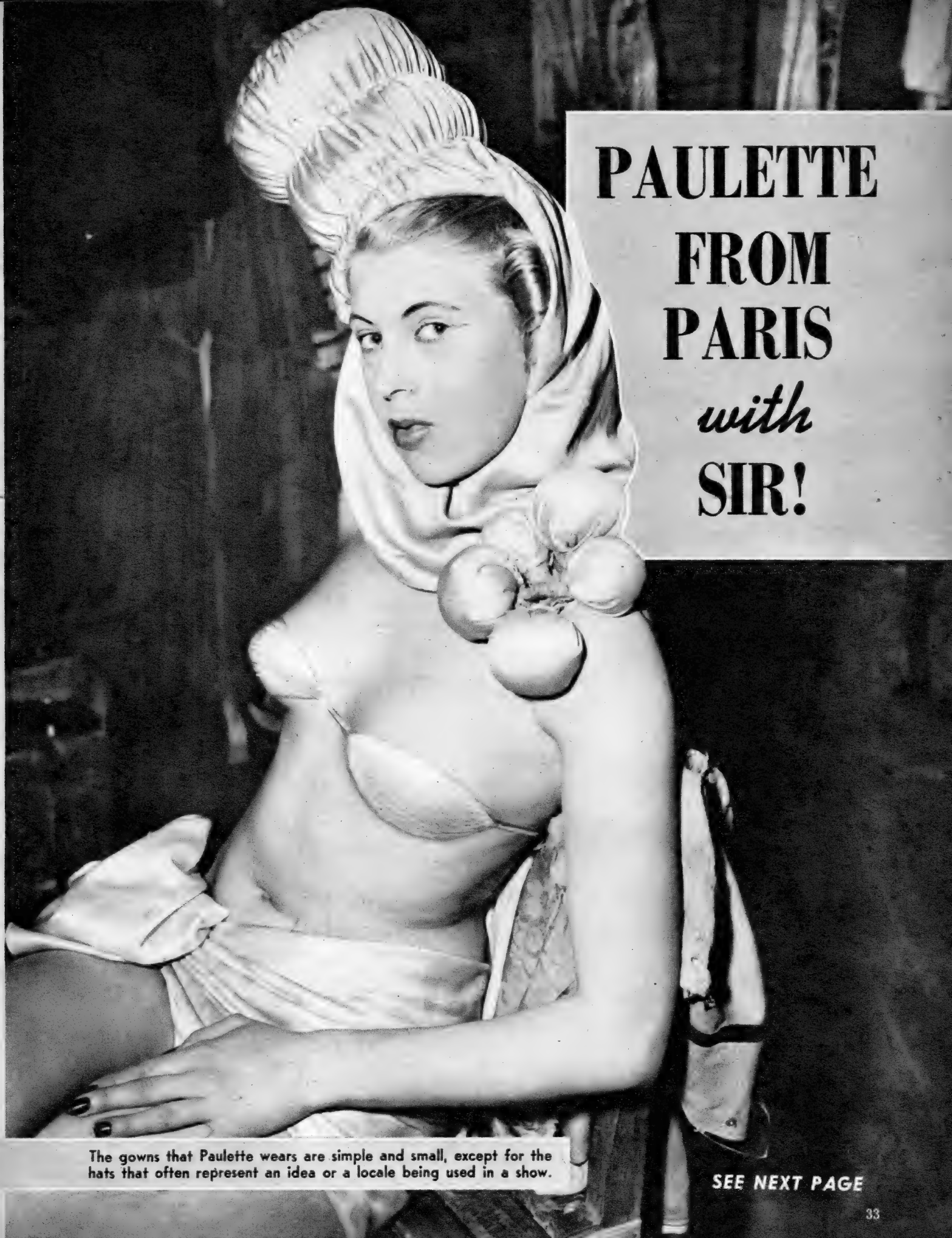
"I know where Arthur's hands were," Beverly said helpfully.

Lucille sat down and glared at me. I fumbled on the floor for the bottle of bourbon, and the blonde sat down mumbling about people grabbing and not grabbing her knees. Joe went over to discuss it with her.

(*Continued on page* 78)

If you share your apartment with a ghost watch out for your gal — she may be spirited away!

Paulette thought the girls in "Sir!" were very lovely. When asked if she would like to be in the magazine, she smiled, saying, "Yes."



PAULETTE FROM PARIS *with* SIR!

The gowns that Paulette wears are simple and small, except for the hats that often represent an idea or a locale being used in a show.

SEE NEXT PAGE

Here Paulette shares a copy of "Sir!" with another girl from the show. They could not read English, but found the pictures "good."

Paulette asked to be sent a copy of "Sir!" each month for reading between acts. "It's so boring," she said. "Just girls to look at!"

PAULETTE FROM PARIS *with* SIR!

WHEN our photographer saw Paulette for the first time, he nonchalantly stuck a piece of gum in his camera and began to chew on a flash bulb. To make friends, he gave her two copies of "Sir!" magazine. She liked the magazines so much, alas, that she ignored him for the rest of the evening.

Tattooing is now going out on the limb, since girls have joined the armed forces. Many WACS and WAVES undergo the needle.

IS TATTOOING A PERVERSION?

Sex fiends and criminals are notorious for their love of a tattoo. Watch out for the danger symbols

By JOHN FRANCIS KING. PH. D.

A FANTASTIC problem is causing amazed annoyance to U.S. military induction authorities. It's the propensity of a considerable number of young men to adorn their bodies with extremely suggestive and—in some instances—definitely obscene tattooing.

Because they feel that such art is detrimental to morale among our fighting men, the brass hats have expressed strong disapproval of "tattooed ladies on Servicemen's arms and chests."

In cases where the needled design is an affront to common standards of decency—such as a naked female in a provocative pose—the prospective inductee is required to have it removed, altered, or suitably "covered by garments" before the date set to report for induction.

Tattooing, psychiatrists have found, often is an indication of far more sinister propensities than a harmless desire to adorn the body with pictures, mottos, telephone numbers and bleeding hearts.

Often it's a clue to the sexual criminal, the pervert, the onanist, the homosexual—as well as to various other mental aberrations, such as sadism or masochism.

Some authorities believe that as high as 90 per cent of all tattooing among the so-called civilized races is traceable to a mental or criminal aberration of some sort.

Both Japanese men and women alike go in for tattoos, often have designs cover their entire bodies.

Betty Broadband, the tattooed lady of the circus, is justly proud of her nearly all-over tattoo job.

Your preference in tattooed designs, they say, reveals you for what you really are, deep down inside.

A CURIOUS instance of four tattooed youths getting in trouble with the law occurred in the Bronx section of New York City recently. Two of the four, incidentally, had tattooed on their arms the defeatist slogan "Born to Lose." The other pair had snakes-and-daggers—symbol among psychiatrists of cunning and treachery—as their tattooed ornamentation.

The four stuck up a gasoline station and relieved the attendant of $26. Before attempting their getaway, they forced the attendant into the men's washroom and shut the door on him.

But they forgot to lock the washroom door as they left! The attendant quickly notified the police, and the four were under arrest inside of 20 minutes.

It was one of the "Born to Lose" boys who forgot to lock the washroom door!

This may seem a minor incident. Psychiatrists will take a different view. They will also consider it significant that Irving Katzenbergen, alias Ike Katz, who did 10 years in Sing Sing Prison for assault and robbery and who was believed to have headed a holdup mob which allegedly got away with more than $10,000 in cash, furs and jewelry recently, wears tattooed on his right forearm two entwined hearts with the caption "True Love to Mother."

(*Continued on page* 59)

The GREEK

A nagging wife learned about the birds and the bees the hard way—and only after she had finally wound up in a honey of a jam! Every husband should read this tale . . .

I'VE noticed that the shy, retiring man who lives under the influence of a domineering wife is given to the cultivation of hobbies. Consequently, I wasn't surprised when Professor Caleb Sachs, who lives next door to me in the row of modest Georgians and Tudors facetiously referred to on the campus as Mortgage Row, undertook the culture of Azaleas. Between the new venture and his work in the Department of Classical Languages at the University, his time was pretty well filled with activities that kept him from the society of his wife. I looked upon this—as Caleb must have—as a rather happy alleviation of a difficult marital condition.

ACCESSORY

By FLETCHER FLORA

It's strange how men of a certain type, otherwise intelligent beings, persist in involving themselves with harridans. I've wasted a lot of time wondering how Caleb was tricked into his marriage. Since his wife, Bernice, however, still trailed some faded and soured evidence of distant, blowsy sexiness, I assume that long ago his gonads gained temporary ascendancy over his cerebrum, and that was that. At any rate, as I say, I wasn't surprised, at this later date, to note his preference for Xenophon and Azaleas.

But the apiary stopped me. When Caleb installed it at the foot of his garden, I thought the old boy must have flipped his lid.

"Why in hell," I remarked to Cora, "would old Caleb want to raise bees?"

Cora looked out our kitchen window and across the hedge at the apiary and smiled her vague and generous smile.

"How nice!" she said. "It'll make him happy. Sometimes I think it'd be pleasant if you'd develop an interest. . . ."

Having not the slightest desire to raise bees or Azaleas, or to avoid my wife, who is still young and good company, I manipulated the conversation onto another subject and forgot to return it.

As a matter of fact, they *were* rather nice. The bees and the Azaleas, that is. On warm, sunny days, the bright red, yellow, orange and copper hued blooms collaborated with the droning bees in the creation of the drowsiest, most contented kind of domestic garden atmosphere. Moreover, to my relief, the bees displayed an even temper and never showed the slightest animosity toward two-legged aliens.

"Your Azaleas are very colorful," I said one day to Caleb over the hedge.

He looked up at me, blinking behind his bi-focals and wiping his gray little face with a red bandana.

"I must put one in a pot for Cora," he said.

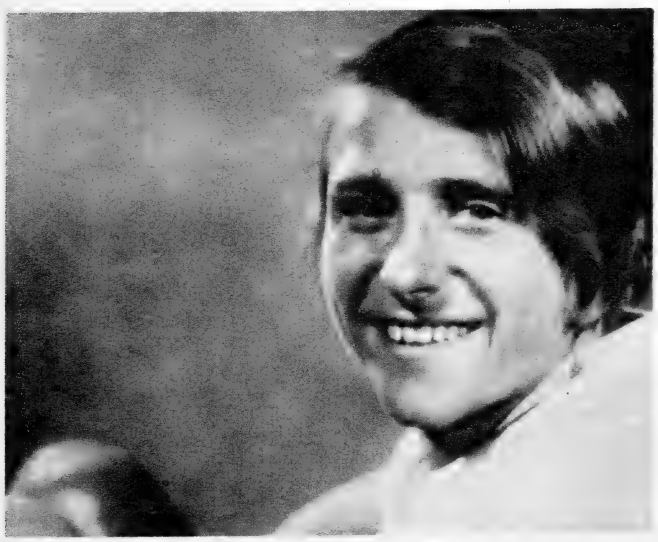
"She'd love it. In fact, she's become quite rabid on the subject of

(Continued on page 62)

Prof. Balfour-Browne of England predicts a one-sex future for us.

ARE SEXUAL CHANGES *Possible?*

You may soon be able to change your sex just as easily as you change your clothes



Zdenka Koubkova held two world records for women runners—before she had strange sex operation.

The same person as at the left—but now Zdenka's a male. Surgical operation was performed in Europe.

By BRETT RILEY

WILL we all be women someday? Sounds nuts, but according to some guys in the know, scientists and doctors that is, it's not so foolish or far-fetched.

Prof. W. A. F. Balfour-Browne of England has predicted the time will come when the female will not only dominate but will find means of wiping out the male altogether. The prof even went so far as to say that it will be quite possible for the female to carry on quite well without males. However, he didn't say how women would like this state of affairs.

On the other hand, Dr. Emil Novak, Baltimore, says that the chances of women becoming men, are much greater than vice versa.

Just to hit a happy medium Dr. L. R. Broster, a London surgeon, came up with the idea and prediction of a One-Sex future. Broster suggested that the human race may be gradually evolving into a neuter or Man-Woman state.

These learned gentlemen have plenty of actual cases of sex changes to back up their position on all sides of the question.

The latest of these cases had even the highbrow and staid courts of England in a dither. Their Lordships had to decide whether or not it had actually happened and were forced to conclude that it had.

The court had to decide whether the widow of Wynsley Michael Swan, who died at the age of seventy-five, was entitled to share in a trust fund settled on Michael by his father. Sounds simple, but to make matters complicated Michael was born a girl and was christened Wynifred Mary Swan. When Michael—oops Wynifred—was a girl, she led a normal girl's life. In World War I she was a Lieutenant Colonel in the British Women's Army. In 1923 however, her doctor advised her that changes were taking place and within two years Wynifred Mary had become Wynsley Michael. Wynifred, now Wynsley, then married a girl friend he had known when he was a she—and as far as is known, lived happily ever after.

The trustees of the fund tried to deny the validity of the will saying that the trust fund was left for a girl heir. The court however declared that Wynifred and Wynsley were the same person and the will was valid.

Now known as Zdenek Koubek, a nightclub performer, the former girl (turned man) champ runner helps showgal friend put on make-up.

THE changing of one's sex has led to complications not only in the courts of the world but also in the field of sports. A few years ago the girl cyclist champion of Belgium, Elvira de Bruyne, changed her sex and became a man. She began living as "Willy" de Bruyne. When "Willy" applied for a passport a policeman who was a cycling enthusiast was struck by the resemblance to the girl champion and "Willy's" double identity was discovered.

About one year after Belgium's girl cyclist champion changed her sex a Czechoslovak woman athlete, Zdenka Koubkova, underwent an operation to change her sex. Zdenka held two world records for women runners at the time of her operation. The question of whether the records for women would be valid was raised. Discussions were hot and heavy around Prague for a while but died down without a decision being reached.

Records show that besides Zdenka one other girl Olympic champion underwent an operation to become a man. The other was Miss Mary Edith Louise Weston, who won the British women's shot put championship in 1924 and retained the title for six years. In 1927 "she" set a javelin record for women. Later she underwent two operations and became Mr. Mark Weston, with a doctor's certificate to show "Mark Weston is a male and should continue throughout life as such."

All of these strange happenings brought about a proposal that all women entered in the Olympic games be subject to sex examinations. The proposal was made by Avery Brundage, one-time president of the American Olympic Committee. The women, of course, put up a squawk and using the proverbial goose and gander fairness idea wanted to know why the men

(*Continued on page* 79)

Mark Weston (nee Mary Edith Weston) and his best friend, Alberta Bray, before he made her his bride.

TORTURE, LUST

All prisoners condemned to death had to pass thru this door to gallows. The door was made of heavy oak and bound with great sheets of iron and lead.

Children were born and died in the cells of England's notorious Newgate prison where the men and women were confined together in a single room!

By ROBERT J. GALWAY

WHERE was the world's most infamous prison? What was its name? A name that brought fear at its thought and the knowledge a prisoner sentenced to it was going to a hell on earth. A prison that spewed forth its condemned wretches to swing on the crude gallows of Tyburn Hill. Today, one of the world's greatest courts stands on the site of this once horrible jail.

One can't read about miscarriages of justice and infamous prisons without coming across the blood-stained name of Newgate Goal. This London jail with a reputation second to none for the brutal manner in which it was ran, bore its name for 700 years and was torn down only in 1907. Today the London Central Criminal Court stands on its site. Some of America's first citizens did time in Newgate, due to political pressure, and when released sailed for the New World to help found the land of their dreams.

For centuries a pillory stood outside Newgate and was used to make liars become truthful, at least the authorities thought so. While in the pillory the offender had a whetstone suspended from his neck, usually a heavy one.

For centuries a pillory stood outside Newgate and was used to make liars become truthful. While in the pillory the offender had a whetstone suspended from his neck. Crowds often stoned them to death.

and DEATH at Newgate

Barely enough food was issued to sustain life. Many of the prisoners caught the rats and mice that infested their cells and ate them. This usually meant suicide. The rodents were almost always diseased.

Court records tell us that one John Waller was pilloried for a false accusation. A group of self righteous Londoners stoned him to death and considered themselves better "sports" for the deed. A woman, known in the gin mills as Tyburn Anita, was pilloried for dressing as a man. Her gentle ale house companions so ill treated her that she lost the sight of both eyes. To the authorities it was all part of the game.

In some cases the person pilloried caught the public's fancy. He would be bedecked with flowers and when it rained some good Londoner would hold an umbrella over his head. The same good-hearted fellow would be back the next day to help stone a "bad" woman. The pillory was abolished in 1837.

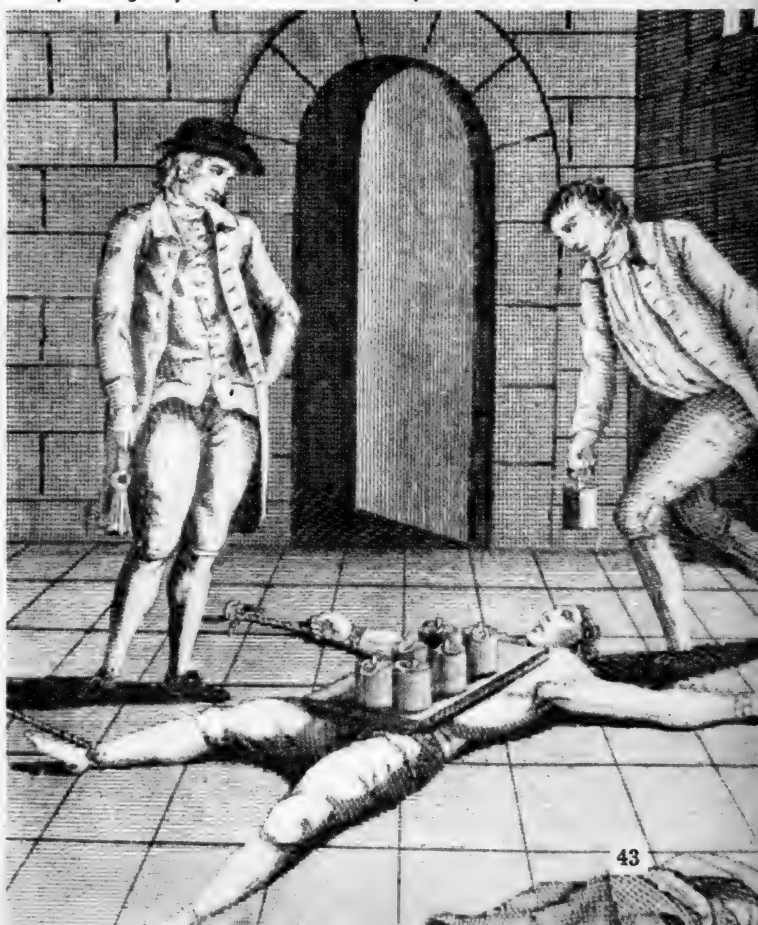
Newgate and other London prisons received their name from the fact they were originally gates or towers giving entrance to the city. Gradually they became full-scale hell holes. Newgate became the home for those who couldn't pay their way into a little less severe jail, such as Ludgate.

For centuries a large part of Newgate's guests consisted of persons who had committed the heinous crime of being a debtor, or children who had stolen a loaf of bread from one of the city stalls to help fill their ever-hungry belly. Owing money was but a step above the crime of murder and for a time the two were considered equal. As no money could be earned in Newgate a debtor never got out, his family went in with him, and children were born and died behind the grim walls.

A fair trial for the poor, and most of the people were very poor, wasn't expected. In the odd case where an acquittal was given the "freed" person often spent years in jail because he couldn't pay his goaler's

(*Continued on page* 74)

Prisoners who refused to "confess" were tortured. Heavy weights were applied to chest. If he didn't plead guilty—he was deliberately crushed to death.



NEW TYPE *Showgirls*

HOLD on, fellows—we've got good(?) news tonight—there's a brand new type of showgal. This new type is as beautiful as the old kind, but Miss Chorus Gal 1952 is a homebody (and what a body!) When she's not doing the can can for nightclub customers she's tending to her knitting (argyle socks for the boyfriend, shawls for grandma)—and right after the show she rushes straight home (it says here) to play canasta with her mother. There are those who are wishing for the good old days!

Brand new breed of showgal is cooperative—Juline Miller helps Sandy Donellan get ready for show.

Beverly Thomas gets a big kick out of life—and she's willing to share her formula for fun with the other pretty gals in the chorus.

Nikki Saunders, Betty Dunstan and Paula Hill show that showgals CAN get along together, so there!

Costumes, though scanty, require care. Here a ribbon gets adjusted at last minute as the girls—poised off stage in wings—await cue.

NEW TYPE SHOWGIRL SPINS A GOOD YARN BUT STICKS TO

Essentially a homebody (and watta body!) is blonde and buxom Beverly Billman. She claims those argyle socks she's knitting are for Dad.

New type showgal may be different from old—but they still love their backstage gossip. Ann Melton and Bettie Guthrie share news.

Von Laurell

No Even Break

Aurora was taking her friend for a pony ride and her express only stopped at the pay-off window!

By GEORGE KREISLER

IT'S funny how the nicest guys make the biggest suckers. Babes like Aurora Sanger catch on to this fast and it's very hard to brush them off. Especially when they get their hooks into a nice guy like Eddie Grantland. I had just left Eddie, and was heading for the wickets at Blue Bonnets when I met Aurora down in front of the boxes.

"Hi Joey!" she said in a great big way, as if we were really friends. So I kissed her hello and told her where to find Eddie. She shook her head impatiently and the sun made honey in her hair.

"The big lug," she said petulantly. "I've been waiting fifteen minutes for him."

"That's tough. You'll find him up in the stands holding our seats."

"Coming?"

I shook my head. "Gotta go and make a big pile of dough for Eddie."

"Really?" The blue eyes were wide. She could make 'em look so-o-o-o innocent.

"Sure. Eddie has a swell hunch." I leaned towards her confidentially. "You might even say he's betting everything he's got on you!"

The blue eyes danced, and her words were laughter. "Isn't that wonderful Joey! How much?"

I shrugged. "Let Eddie tell you. It's his party." Her eyes became calculating beneath the smile, and she stroked my arm softly.

"I think it's wonderful, if he's making a bet like that for me," she said.

"Eddie should have more sense," I offered. "Particularly with horses and blondes."

"Like you, I suppose?"

"It would help some, baby. Might save him dough as well." We stood close together, paying no heed to the crowd around. The laughter died from her face when I asked, "Don't you agree? Or do you still think of no one but Aurora Sanger?"

"Getting ready to dig up ancient history, Joey?" she inquired softly, with steel beneath the velvet of her voice. I shook my head.

"No ned to. History's repeating itself." Her look became murder, with a knife in it as I went on, "I hate to see it happening to a swell guy like Eddie, Aurora."

"Why don't you tell him Joey? Why don't you tell him about the old days? About you, and me. That should put everything right in your book?"

"I tried to once," I admitted ruefully. "I tried to tell him what a fake you are, and the guys you've taken over the jumps. Including me. He gave me a bust in the snoot."

Small triumph glowed in her eyes and the lines of her mouth softened into a smile. She patted my arm. "Never mind, Joey boy. A few years ago, you wouldn't have believed it either, would you?"

I didn't answer. She was too right. But once you find out about these things you hate to see it happen to a friend of yours.

"I'M glad you found out he wouldn't listen to you. You see, he loves me, Joey!" Her voice was faintly mocking, despite the sweet smile. Yes, sweet. That was Aurora. Sweet and innocent, with all the charm and promise of a third rail.

"Baby," I said quietly, "why don't you give him a break? He's not in our league."

"Our league?" she asked archly.

"You know what I mean. He's a nice guy, and you're just taking candy from a kid. He's the original all-day sucker with a girl like you."

"M-m-m-m-m. I've got a sweet tooth Joey. You should know that, from the old days!" Yeah, I thought, watching her disappear into the crowd. I should know. Soon Eddie would know too, and there wasn't much I could do but watch. Watch him getting set to hit the skids. Watch him getting sucked in deeper, listening to her latest routine, her culture, her love of music, her ambitions with the violin. Ye Gods!

Me, I knew the real story, but I couldn't tell Eddie. When a guy is loopy like that he believes only what he wants to believe, and brother, don't you try and tell him anything different! He'll hit you with a handful of five. I know. I learned that the hard way too.

So all I can do is watch Eddie, watch him go haywire and get shaken for his dough, and brother, it goes fast with a dame like Aurora! In this case it was going so fast that even Eddie was starting to worry.

That day, for instance he was worrying about money; about our business from which he had just taken five hundred bucks which we needed badly; about horses, and Aurora who just loved playing the horses.

(*Continued on page* 76)

The exception sometimes proves the rule. Barbara Payton, Franchot Tone, and Tom Neal made temper-studded headlines. Not a red-head in the lot.

HOT BLOODED Red Heads

By MATT WALKER

IF colored television had been in use just a little bit earlier, the millions of people who were fascinated by the famous Kefauver crime show would have seen that the most fabulous mystery woman of gangland has very dark auburn-tinged hair.

Virginia Hill, known as America's Racket Girl No. 1, and who is said by intimates to know enough of the blackest secrets to blow up a dozen underworld kingdoms, is a perfect example of the traditional spirited redhead.

When really angry, the once beautiful 34-year-old sweetheart of mobsters fairly drips fire and brimstone. As she sat under the kleig lights while testifying before the Kefauver committee, she told of several "big fights" she got into with Ben (Bugsy) Siegal a short time before the racketeer was bumped off in Virginia's luxurious Los Angeles home by gangsters. One of the fights started when he forbade her to go to Paris to meet another boy friend. Another battle blazed up after Virginia had hit a cigarette girl in the lobby of Bugsy's flamboyant Flamingo hotel in Las Vegas, Nevada. It seems Bugsy on that occasion said Virginia was

Does a fiery red-head have a fiery temper as well? Are red-heads meaner - tougher - sexier? Here are some pertinent facts on the question

no lady, so she ceased walloping the buxom little blonde and lit into him.

When Virginia left the stand, where her hair looked like a mixture of darkest maroon and black under the bright lights, she flared up and slugged a girl reporter who brushed up against her in the elevator, and handed a newsman two smart slaps in the face, as well as yelling obscenities to the reporters. None of this, of course, added to Virginia's stock, nor did it help the reputation of redheads in general.

Just why redheads hold such utter fascination for men has been a puzzle down through the ages. Perhaps they are a novelty because they are comparatively rare. A beautiful redhead, and especialy one with green eyes, will out-dazzle

(*Continued on page* 70)

Lucille Ball is definite proof that a redhead can look real attractive.

Ava Gardner (above) is a sultry red-head. Virginia Hill (below) gives a terrific boost to those who claim that red-heads are "hot-blooded."

Rita Hayworth, the fabulous actress and now ex-princess is a carrot-top.

After reaching maturity, Sir Jeffrey became cocky, quick-tempered. He finally turned into a drunkard.

The GIANT Midget

By BARNEY SCHWARTZ

One of the most influential men in British history was a midget—who was only eighteen inches tall!

KING CHARLES I and Queen Marie noticed the huge pie on the table, and wondered about it. Suddenly, the pie crust broke open, and, like a happening in a fairy tale, out stepped a boy only eighteen inches tall!

He was nattily dressed in riding habit, with shiny boots and spurs. He fenced with an imaginary opponent, brandishing a specially-wrought sword.

The English king and queen were delighted. They spoke in superlatives about the surprise. They had never seen such a tiny midget. Nor has the world since then.

Jeffrey Hudson, who performed on the dining table after making his debut for royalty through a pie crust, was the smallest human the civilized world has ever known. Yet, he lived an excitement-packed life in which even a giant might have withered.

Jeffrey was born in 1619 in Rutlandshire, England, son of normal-sized parents. His father, a strapping outdoors man, was Keeper of the Bulls on the estate of the Duke of Buckingham who personally arranged for the big surprise when the British monarchs visited him.

"Jeffrey must come to court as one of my attendants!" insisted Queen Marie. She would have it no other way.

The next day, the foot-and-a-half tall boy was on his way to silks, satins and court intrigues.

It was at court that the midget became the buddy of William Evans, an eight-foot, knock-kneed porter. Those knees brought a complaint from Jeffrey. "They keep me from running between your legs!" he shouted.

Evans, the giant, laughed. "You cause me plenty of trouble too!" he replied. He referred to some incidences in which he had to rescue the 17th Century Tom Thumb.

One time Jeffrey fell into a big washbowl filled with water, and would have drowned if Evans hadn't plucked him out. The giant had to apply artificial respiration.

"Stay away from the washbowls!" Evans cautioned his little friend.

Jeffrey obeyed, but there was little he could do about another harrowing experience. He and Evans were strolling along the banks of the Thames when a sudden, strong gust of wind lifted Jeffrey into the air like he were a mere autumn leaf.

The humiliated midget grabbed a limb of a sapling, holding it until Evans reached and rescued him. The giant then tucked Jeffrey into a side pocket and kept him there until they reached the safety of the palace again.

Once, during a whimsical mood, King Charles told Jeffrey that he would knight him. Jeffrey didn't let him forget that promise. He might have been helpless against the odds of washbowls and winds, but he possessed a mind more alert than the average noble. He had jealous enemies at court, and he knew that a

Queen Marie doted on the little man, often held him in her lap, later helped him achieve knighthood.

Sir Jeffrey was the court favorite until the time he was kidnapped. He lost his popularity after that.

"Sir" affixed before his name would bring him great advantages.

Charles finally knighted him, and appointed him Captain of the Horse in the British army.

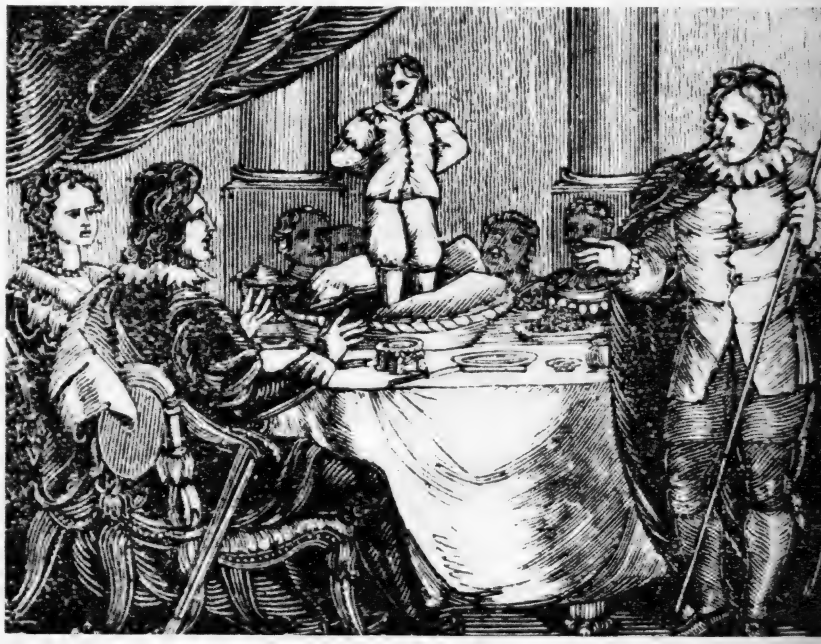
Sir Jeffrey Hudson rode at the head of parades, on a big white horse which wore the smallest saddle on record. Sir Jeffrey acknowledged the applause of the populace. He was twenty years old then, and riding high.

An incredible thing happened to the tiny knight in 1664 when he was twenty-five. He had delivered a message to France and was returning across the English Channel when privateers overtook the ship and captured all aboard. Sir Jeffrey was sold into slavery, brought a handsome price, and was held for a higher ransom than was customary in the cases of normal-sized persons. He was an oddity, and therefor his price ticket went up.

In captivity five years, he underwent the roughest treatment possible. He saw many distant places, including Barbary. Perhaps it was the maltreatment

(*Continued on page* 75)

Tiny Jeffrey's best friend was William Evans, an eight-foot giant who was chief porter to the court.



Jeffrey Hudson was served to the King and Queen in a pie! He came out fighting, even at that age.

STATE FAIR STRIPPERS GO TOO FAR

(*Continued from page* 15)

strip-tease material for less than $50,000, play it on Broadway right next door to a million-dollar Hollywood production—and out-gross the competitor.

"You'll waste your time going in." said one exhibitor to us. "There's no story in any of these pictures. Just a bunch of footage of regular burly routine. In New York we scissor the strip, so what you've got left is the bumps and the grinds. On 52nd Street they show more—in the night clubs. But then—that's at night-club prices. Come to think of it, you see more of Georgia Sothern in here, though, than you would over there."

"How come?" we queried.

Georgia "Dynamite" Sothern is an old favorite with her "crazy-style" strip. Where others are languorous in taking it off, begging for applause as they go along, Georgia believes in discarding everything in a hurry, with a few rebel yells at any damyankee who might object. The Sothern style has been labelled the "jet-propelled striptease." To our "how come?" about Georgia, the fellow replied:

"You see more of any of them on the screen. It's larger than life-size and naturally, it shows more."

A producer of canned burlesque, who preferred to remain nameless, said:

"This type of flicker gets more money because of *where* it plays."

Naturally, we asked where that was.

"The shootin' galleries," he responded.

These, it developed from further query, were the circuits of so-called "bastard-sized" houses all around the country where the picture would be sold on a 20-40% percentage instead of the usual Hollywood so-much-per-day rental.

They say travel is broadening.

While making this Shnook's Tour of the Canned Burlesque Industry, we ourselves started getting broad-minded. ("You newspaper-boys are all alike!" we can almost hear one stripper remark.) How many of those who make their living Minding their Cues and Tease would now be immortalized on celluloid?

How about "Peaches"? Known as the "Queen of Quiver," this slim, wasp-waisted, long-haired brunette would throw it away with the tagline: "It must be jelly, 'cause jam don't shake like that!"

You could always hear a pin drop when Gypsy Rose Lee paraded. Gyp made sure you did —she'd bounce each pin off the brasses in the orchestra pit as she took it out of her costume, to get down to the G-string: *NOT* the one on the violin!

Then there's Carrie Pinnell who's billed as the "Remote Control Girl." Carrie is gifted with breasts that can move independently of each other.

Ann Corio endowed stripping with a social mission. It was Ann's belief that there were entirely too many divorces in America. She set about to end this evil—and the women in her audiences sometimes averaged as high as 30%. Miss Corio's dance was entitled, "How To Undress in Front of Your Husband."

ORIGINATOR of the strip-tease was Hinda Wassau. The "Blonde Bombshell" was appearing at the State-Congress Theatre in Chicago in a "chorus-girl's contest." Stripping down to a beaded fringe G-string was generally done off-stage. But by accident Hinda's costume caught on the scenery as she was exiting, and was ripped. Hinda returned to full view as her music was on and, still keeping in step, removed the offending garment. The yells were so appreciative that the management kept it in the act—and so, strip-tease was born.

Lately strippers have been adding animals and other novelties to their act. In Calumet City, Illinois, dancer Rozina Carlomusto nightly wrestles a stuffed gorilla who invariably wins the fall. Rozina is currently having trouble with the authorities about this—they seem to think the "fight" is fixed.

Rosita Royce does a strip with the help of eight well-trained doves. Like a female Tarzan, leopard-skinned Sally Majestic steps to a voodoo jungle-beat with the help of a pet monkey. A clever parrot pecks off Yvette's costume, piece by piece. Thelma White uses a trained dog. The sloe-eyed Zorita charms snakes to distraction and once had trouble with the ASPCA who alleged this was "cruelty to animals." (She has to tape them up for hygienic reasons.) But it took the ingenious Dagmar to introduce a truly diabolical concept. In her dance, one-half of Dagmar plays Mephistopheles (the devil). The other half is herself, his unwilling victim, who finally succumbs.

Queen of the Strippers today is tiny, red-headed Betty Rowland. Betty is the youngest of three sisters: Rozelle, the "Golden Girl" whose risky performance in a costume of gold paint so enraptured France's wealthy Baron Jean Empain (owner of the Paris subways) that he married her forthwith; and Dian, a tall, creamy-skinned golden blonde.

"I wouldn't send a dog out on a light like this!"

Betty herself is cutely freckled. The Body Beautiful struck pay dirt in more ways than one when she transported it to Hollywood and started her own business. Known internationally as the "Ball of Fire," Betty there opened her own night-club under that name.

Gifted with the face of a young Marlene Dietrich, Betty also happens to be the brainiest of her family. Not content with merely being the star performer in her own dining-and-dancing establishment, Betty trusts no one but herself to arrange the menus with the chef, stay up all night with one eye on the cash register, do all the shopping for the place next morning, design her own clothes and those of the cast, supervise the music—and then, back to the bumps and the grinds with an occasional time-out for a chat with a guest. In addition to all this, she keeps the books!

Whether the locale is a State fair or a movie theatre, flesh-peddling always manages to turn a pretty penny. But we were still curious as to why "International Burlesque" could out-gross its rivals. So we asked the question of Samuel Cummins, general manager of Jewel Productions: "What is the secret of your success?"

His answer was pointblank and startlingly sincere.

"The secret," he said, "is due to our method of production. The story we use is simple and allows us plenty of lattitude—and longitude. Our next picture is going to be titled, 'Strip Around the World.' That gives you an idea.

"You see, we go to Paris, we show the cancan, or a French night-club or something, with the native music. And then we show a contrast with the American striptease. Or we go to Haiti. Or to the Congo. Or to the American Indian—or the East Indian. In each case we show the contrast between the native dance and music and our own native art-form, which is the striptease.

"But the main secret lies in the cheapness of our production. Take a girl like Betty Rowland. We permit her to do her entire act without interference from the director. We make with the lingerie, and the strip, and also the bumps and the grinds. Some producers made only with the strip and when the censors pounced down on them, they were lost.

"So we make two versions of each film: a long and a short. The long one is the 'hot' one; the 'short' one is the censored one. The long one can always be cut to suit local tastes and prejudices. And, believe me, there's plenty of censorship in states like New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia and in cities like Chicago, Detroit, Providence and Boston. In fact Massachusetts is a Sunday blue-law state.

"But out in the West, where men are men, things are different—outside of Portland and Seattle, in the frozen Northwest. There practically anything goes. And in the Far East—take Hongkong, for example—practically anything goes. Hongkong never heard of American striptease. I have only one word for the business we've been doing there—"

Your reporter wetted his pencil.

"Yes?" he urged.

"Terrific," said Mr. Cummins. "Write that down. The business in Hongkong is really *terrif-ic.*"

Encouraged by this success, Jewel Productions has big plans for the future. While not yet hoping to displace "live" burlesque—the demand for which was so dramatically pointed up by the incident of the Iowa State Fair, Mr. Cummins proudly stated:

"This is a whole new avenue of film production we are engaged in. Canned Burlesque brings you *specialized* films. And by the way—"

He paused to wink and bend his head in a confidential whisper:

"*We* don't have to worry about this ogre they call Television."

We might add that canned strippers is one way "to keep 'em down on the farm"—or at least at the nearest state fair!

THE END

ARE HORMONES THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH?

(*Continued from page* 23)

"arrow poison" curare. The anti-allergy drug benadryl was recently reported effective in relieving muscle tensions in shaking palsy and various cramps. A new drug, resodec, is reported to aid certain sufferers from congestive heart failure and cirrhosis of the liver.

So man's war against inimical germs appears to be progressing rapidly and favorably. It may not be long before death from infection will be so rare as to constitute a medical phenomenon.

AS FAR as accidents and wars are concerned, that's another matter. In the philosophical sense, there is no such thing as an accident; either carelessness, ignorance, or some other controllable factor is always involved. Think this over carefully, and you will realize that it is true.

For how long the race will continue to have wars is anybody's conjecture. But war, too, will be conquered—someday.

Thus the only remaining cause of death appears to be Nature's time-clock. And the key—or perhaps better the speed adjustment—appears to lie in the hormones.

Everybody has heard of hormones, but few know exactly what they are. Thirty years ago, the word hormone wasn't even in the dictionaries.

Hormones (the word means "chemical messengers") are chemical substances which are secreted into the bloodstream and throughout the body by most—perhaps all—of the organs of the body. Many persons still believe that hormones are produced only by the ductless glands, but this is not true.

Many different hormones may be produced by a single gland or organ. Thus one of the earliest discoveries was that the pituitary gland—that so-called "third eye" located at the base of the brain—produced a hormone which regulated skeletal development, another which controlled sexual virility, and still another which was responsible for the production of milk by mammals.

Thus hormones are the "regulators" of all bodily functions. An overproduction of certain hormones may cause the body to age and die prematurely; an underproduction may slow the bodily processes to an extent that an actual increase in life-span is achieved.

However, there's more to it than that. Some hormones appear to have the capacity of arresting physical degeneration normally associated with old age, with the result that the cells actually regain, vigor and youthful characteristics they once possessed but lost. The aged body actually grows younger.

Without wishing to appear sensational, it may be that hormones offer the most promising approach to solution of the mystery of cancer—a wild and uncontrollable multiplication of cells that generally starts most frequently in older persons. Cancer, many authorities believe, is a degenerative ailment.

Within the past few months, there have been numerous encouraging reports concerning the treatment of cancer with hormones. From Boston, for example, *Science Service* reported that "For the first time in medical history, a case of cancer of the thyroid gland in the neck has responded to treatment with male hormone."

In the case reported—a woman of fifty-three—the patient had shown such improvement that she was able to rise from her sick bed and lead "a normal life" for the preceding eight months. The attending physician, however, warned against undue optimism regarding complete cure. "The patient's bones are still shot through with cancer," Dr. Henry M. Lemon of Boston University pointed out. "There is no telling whether any of this can be cleared up and, if so, how long the remission will last."

This is sound scientific caution. Nevertheless, the mere fact that a patient who suffered from thyroid cancer for nine years has shown the improvement reported is of major importance.

ANOTHER hormone-type drug, identified only by the laboratory designation 1-4, 4, diaminodiphenyl ether, was described before the 12th International Congress of Pure and Applied Chemistry as cancer-inhibiting, having at least temporarily retarded growth of the malignancies in five dying patients. It is too early yet to report on this development.

(Further indication of the basic effect of hormones on cells is the fact, known for some time, that certain hormones retard cancer, while others have an opposite effect, and still others actually cause cancer.)

Additional encouraging news comes from a report presented before the U. S. Chapter of the International College of Surgeons, stating that treatment of cancer of the prostate with female hormones, formerly administered by mouth, is now practicable through the use of "hormone banks" placed beneath the skin, which release the hormones gradually over a period of up to ninety days.

If hormones are found to be the key to cellular division, science will have progressed far toward the solution of the mystery of life itself.

In Chicago, a large-scale project involving the administration of progesterone—a female sex hormone—to expectant mothers as a preventative against miscarriages has been underway for some months, and is expected to last a year. This large testing is hoped to confirm beyond doubt results already obtained with small groups of prospective mothers—that progesterone is a miscarriage-deterrent.

Sufferers from heart disease will be interested in the recent report of Dr. Frederick Steigmann, director of the therapeutics department at Cook County Hospital, Chicago, regarding the efficacy of a hormone, known as myocardone, which is processed from the walls of the hearts of calves.

This hormone, according to Dr. Steigmann, "has definite therapeutic value in various cardiac conditions," . . . and "safely increases the pumping efficiency of the heart over long periods."

Bear in mind that heart ailments, like cancer, are generally associated with increasing age.

ARTHRITIS is one of the most stubborn ailments afflicting the aging and aged. Only a few weeks ago, Dr. Y. S. Collins of Brooklyn stated before the Second International Gerontological Congress in St. Louis that a new hormone obtained from the livers of pregnant cows offers great promise in the treatment of osteoarthritis, the degenerative type of arthritis which is characterized by deposits of bony substance in the joints, often causing great pain and disability. At least 6,000,000 persons in this country now suffer from this degenerative form of arthritis.

Dr. Collins stated that, of 112 patients so far treated with the hormone, only 17 per cent showed no improvement, 16 per cent showed fair improvement, 44 per cent showed good improvement and the remaining 24 per cent regained normal use of their joints accompanied by a reduction in the swelling and complete freedom from pain.

Best known of the hormones, of course, is ACTH (short for adrenocortico-tropic-hormone), which is secreted by the pituitary gland. Since human pituitaries are unavailable for extraction of the hormone, ACTH is presently obtained from the pituitaries of hogs. Because of its complexity, there appears little likelihood of its being produced synthetically in the near future.

Fortunately, however, the Armour Laboratories—who pioneered in the development of ACTH—have succeeded recently in producing the hog-pituitary hormone in a form which has the practical effect of multiplying the supply five-fold and increasing the potency 180-fold.

In addition to having been found to cure or halt the progress of such ills as rheumatoid arthritis, rheumatic fever, leukemia, Addison's disease, alcoholism, drug addiction, gout, asthma and many other allergies, ACTH (together with ACE—adrenal cortex extract—and cortisone, another cortex-derived hormone) is now being used in the treatment of certain mental ills.

These "adrenal hormones" have been found to have a stimulating effect on mentally depressed patients, giving them a feeling of well-being and a release from despondency. Further benefits are to be expected.

There are promising developments in the use of the sex hormones, too. At first perhaps too widely touted as being able to restore doddering wrecks to teenage virility—a feat perhaps impossible due to the actual physical destruction of basic structures—they are now producing sound results which promise more.

Thus Dr. William B. Kountz, reporting on experiments with men and women between the ages of sixty-five and ninety which were conducted at Washington University, St. Louis, stated that women long past the menopause began menstruating again after treatment with the female hormones estrogen and progesterone. Microscopic examination of cells of the uteri of these women revealed that the tissues were "like those of a healthy young woman."

The sex hormones have also been found of value in treating the mentally ill. According to researchers working with mentally ill patients at the Creedmore State Hospital, Queens Village, N. Y., sex hormones have cured schizophrenia, most obdurate and dangerous of all types of insanity.

Work with hormones is still in its infancy. There is a great danger now of expecting too much, too soon. Therefore it is wise to take each new announcement regarding hormone achievements with a grain of salt, in a spirit of "let's wait and see." Often experimentation starts off promisingly, then bogs down and a fresh start in a new direction or with a different approach has to be made.

But it is already obvious that hormones are the triggers of growth and also of old age. Now that this is known, the pathway to Nature's only true "Fountain of Youth" seems clear.

THE END

DOES SEX CONTROL BRAIN POWER?

(*Continued from page* 13)

Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Thomas Jefferson, Woodrow Wilson, and Robert E. Lee.

They were all men of tremendous but properly controlled and directed sex drive. Without that sex drive, they would have been mediocre.

According to Napoleon Hill, in his paper "Sex Urge Stimulates Genius," the secret of creative ability stems from the emotion of sex.

"Destroy the sex glands," Mr. Hill writes, "whether in man or beast, and you have removed the major source of action. For proof of this, observe what happens to any animal after it has been castrated. A bull becomes as docile as a cow after it has been altered sexually. Sex alteration takes out of the male, whether man or beast, all the *fight* that was in him. Sex alteration of the female has the same effect."

There is no doubt that many works of genius are definitely inspired by sexual desire, and thus represent symbolical offerings of the best that is in the creator, tendered specifically to the loved one. This, in a sense, is making love, not with the body but with the mind. It is noteworthy, however, that with genius physical love is also generally present and expressed, as well. Genius likes to satisfy itself both physically and psychically.

The close connection between the sexual system and the brain is not generally realized. It becomes more apparent when we consider that many drugs—as well as alcohol—have their greatest effect in releasing sexual inhibitions. There is no physical reason for the sexual impotence often noted among alcoholic paranoiacs; the trouble is solely in the mind, which has "cut itself off" from the normal communication with the sexual system.

Unless the sexual system, the spinal centers and the brain are functioning in unity, both sexual and mental disorders will result. Sometimes there will be impotence, coupled with aberrations, loss of memory, inability to plan and make decisions, and a host of other mental malfunctionings; at other times, as when communication between the sex centers in the spinal cord and the brain is blocked, there will be great sexual excitement. There may even be uncontrollable erection in the male or immescence in the female.

It is now held by some authorities that sexual activity produces a form of intoxication of the brain, due to the release of chemical substances into the system which reach the brain. This intoxication bears a curious similarity to drug or alcohol intoxication, though in different degree. It is also interesting to note that, for thousands of years, the expression "intoxicated by love" has been in common usage. Now it is revealed that sexual stimuli do intoxicate the brain, often causing it to improve its performance.

The release of these sexual chemicals—perhaps catalysts—into the system produces such effects as stimulation of the vasodilator nerves, with resultant expansion of the blood vessels accompanied by a "flushed" appearance, an increase in body temperature, stepped-up pulse and circulation, and a state of mental hyperalertness and hypersensitivity. No wonder genius thinks better when it is sexually stimulated.

Dr. Magnus Hirshfield, the renowned German sexual psychologist, gives an example of how genius can be literally destroyed —at least temporarily—by worry over the loss of a loved sex partner. The patient—whose spouse was reported missing—lost all mental brilliance and, in addition, evinced the following symptoms: bewilderment, fatigue, a burning sensation along the breastbone, pain in the heart region, great anxiety combined with a dread of losing consciousness, inability to make any physical effort, severe thirst, almost total loss of memory, severe head pains as though the skull was being compressed by an iron band, partial paralysis in the arms and legs, and a desire to smash objects.

When the loved one was reported found, all these symptoms promptly disappeared.

It is of interest that Abraham Lincoln never made full use of his mental faculties until he was stimulated by his love for Anne Rutledge, while Napoleon's decline set in swiftly after he cast off Josephine Beauharnais. Napoleon probably would not have deserted his wife had he not been mentally deranged.

NAPOLEON HILL, after studying more than 25,000 individuals, came to the conclusion that there is a wide variety of mental stimulants, in the following order of importance and effect:

1. Desire for sexual expression. 2. Love. 3. Desire for fame, power or money. 4. Music (the arts generally). 5. Friendship, irregardless of sex. 6. An alliance of minds. 7. Mutual suffering. 8. Auto-suggestion. 9. Fear. 10. Narcotics and alcohol.

"The desire for sex expression comes at the head of the list of stimuli," Mr. Hill notes. ". . . Eight of these stimuli are natural and constructive. Two are destructive. It will be seen that the emotion of sex is, by great odds, the most intense and powerful of all mind stimuli."

There is some disagreement, of course, with this arrangement of mind stimuli. It is widely held, for example, that the prime motivation of every creature is to survive, and that the second is to reproduce. Hill, however, takes it for granted that survival is assured, and consequently does not include it as a motivation, while he puts fear—essential to survival—far down the list as only an occasional stimulus. He is right, insofar as people who live in a well-ordered, civilized society are concerned. They don't have to worry about actual survival, so that sex expression actually becomes their primary motivation.

Hill believes that genius—as well as unusual mental power not perhaps strictly classifiable as genius —flowers when the mind is able to transmute thought-energy originating in sexual drive to nonsexual purposes. "Transmutation of sex energy may lift one to the status of genius," he asserts flatly.

He goes on to define genius as possessing "creative imagination." This faculty, he says, "is one which the majority of people never use during an entire lifetime, and if used at all it usually happens by accident. A relatively small number of people use, with deliberation

and purpose aforethought, the faculty of creative imagination. Those who use this faculty voluntarily, and with understanding of its functions, are genii."

So sex energy, to produce works of genius, must be directed. "The mere possession of this energy is not sufficient to produce a genius," Hill warns. "It must be transmuted from desire for physical contact, into other form of desire or action, before it will lift one to the status of a genius."

This explains why it is often noted that "genius flowers late." Many men of high sexual capacity devote most of this genius-energy to sexual indulgence through their early years—from the 20s well into the 40s—and only learn to strike a balance between reasonable sexual indulgence and mental activity after they reach the 40s, or at least the late 30s. Most of the great geniuses did not achieve their best work until they were beyond middle-age. Before that, they were too busy making love.

"Between the ages of 30 and 40," Hill continues, "man begins to learn (if he ever learns) the art of sex transmutation. He may observe that his powers of achievement have increased around the age of 35 to 40, but in most cases, he is not familiar with the cause of this change—that Nature begins to harmonize the emotions of love and sex in the individual. . . .

"The road to genius consists in the development, control, and use of sex, love, and romance. . . .

"When the emotion of love begins to mix itself with the emotion of sex, the result is calmness of purpose, poise, accuracy of judgment, and balance. . . . There is no other road to genius than through voluntary self-effort."

Despite the fact that some diseased persons—such as epileptics and tubercular persons (Frederic Chopin, the composer, was tubercular)—have an intensified sex drive with a consequent heightening of productivity due to their ailment, the greatest genius usually stems from healthy sex-energy in a healthy body.

As a matter of fact, a strong sex urge is generally an indication of a healthy body, while an undersexed or oversexed condition is a warning to have a medical check-up. For maximum mental capacity, untainted by aberration, sound health is essential, and it is a fact that superlative, sane geniuses have generally had almost bull-like strength and endurance.

IT IS very easy to identify high sexuality in an individual. Generally the quality known as "personal magnetism" is obvious in the handshake, the glance, the smile, the manner of talking, the coordination between mind and body. Not long ago, a coach who specialized in training people for sales jobs—where personality is important—stated flatly that highly sexed men make the best sales persons. Obviously they attract women—who do 85 per cent of the nation's buying—while their intelligence is quick and flexible; not always genius, perhaps, but more unerring in grasping "hunches" and "sensing situations"—an attribute common to genius—than most.

In any walk of life, a high degree of sexuality is an asset, increasing health of the body and spurring the mind to greater effort. If you have it, you should feel grateful and channel it toward achieving both a successful sexual and intellectual life. And if you lack it you should, under competent medical guidance, take steps toward improvement.

You will find then that genius is actually sex-energy—a sublimation of the natural urge to create children. Only geniuses—at least part of the time—create "brain children" instead of a new generation of flesh and blood.

THE END

DREAMS CAN MEASURE YOUR SEX POWER

(Continued from page 29)

but the very simplest dreams have purposes and meanings, usually stemming from anxieties, fears, or repressions of some sort. The great majority of these dreams have their origin in some sexual deficiency, maladjustment, or repression, and from the proper analysis of such dreams a great deal may be learned concerning what's wrong and how the condition may be corrected.

The difficulty lies in interpreting the dreams, which are often confused, jumbled, and fragmentary, often with their real meanings hidden behind a barrier of symbolisms which the super-ego—or censor of the mind—has erected in deference to the taboos and conventions of the conscious mind, the only part of the mind of which we are aware. Beneath the conscious mind lies, layer upon layer, the vast depths of the subconscious, in which a perfect memory of everything we ever did, thought, or experienced is retained.

If it comes as something of a shock that most dreams are of sexual origin—excluding perhaps the simplest, most obvious ones of which even some may also be sexual—bear in mind that, next to survival, sex is the strongest of all motivations. Freud, who never said that *all* dreams are of sexual origin, *did* say that most dreams were fulfillments of sexual wishes. Jung, who clashed with Freud somewhat, agreed on the predominant sexuality of dreams. Dr. H. H. Rivers, while not limiting dreams to sex, considered them as expressions of mental conflict, thus coming back to sex, the greatest source of such conflict.

Because we are actually a tremendous bundle of repressions—most of which have constructive purpose because they permit us to live together in an imperfect society while inflicting the least damage upon ourselves and others—we have developed a whole group of symbolisms by which sexual origins are expressed, even in dreams. If these symbols recur again and again in dreams, it appears likely that the individual's sex condition is "on the mind" and probably repressed in some way.

Sexual frustration. This may be indicated by: dreams of swimming, flying, floating through the air, leaping with the greatest of ease, riding swiftly, dancing divinely, ascending soaring flights of stairs, riding in an elevator or airplane—generally dreams of freedom and movement. In women, however, dreams of falling, of being held up and robbed at gun—or dagger-point (both male symbols) may also indicate frustration combined with the dread of pregnancy.

(Dreams of falling generally indicate anxiety of some sort; the anxiety may not be sexual. In all cases, a sexual interpretation may not be the correct one, but it may be the most likely one. Thus the common dream of taking an examination and failing may indicate sexual anxiety of some sort—either fear or impotence or failing in love—but it may also indicate any other fear which is repressed to allow the indivdual to sleep.)

Sexual desire. Flame, heat, light,

brilliant colors, resplendent animals indicate the hunger; if accompanied by a specific person, they may indicate the object of desire.

Fear of impotence. Baldness, debility, loss of organs, withering, teeth falling out, any physical or mental weakness or disintegration.

Desire to be sexually admired. Dreams of going about either entirely or partly nude, or overdressed or peculiarly dressed, while nobody pays any attention. According to Freud, if the physical motions are also inhibited and there is a feeling of shame, the dreamer is sexually thwarted.

Male principle. Any long, firm erect object—towering monument, church-spire, lance, tree, mast. Also animals (male) that are noted for their strength, such as the lion or bull. Also powerful illumination, such as the sun, flames, a bright light.

Female principle. Anything that is full with goodness, such as breasts filled with milk, a ripe fruit, ripe grains, a cow with calf. Also a gushing fountain, bower of flowers, fish (extremely fecund), an arch, a doorway, a ring, an opening, a warm secret place, and the crescent moon.

Persons. Usually the symbolism takes the form of a similar type of the same sex; if, for example, a kindly father is represented the symbolism may be a beneficent king, while if a brutal father is the object of the dream, a semi-human fiend may be created. In identifying all dream-symbolisms, a great deal of investigation through association of characteristics is necessary.

Though this subject of symbolism in dreams is literally inexhaustible, the basic patterns are quite simple. It is easy to determine, for example, whether a symbolism has male or female significance, whether it is benign or malignant. From there, you can have a great deal of enjoyment in attempting to interpret any unusualy vivid or persistently recurrent dream or dream-pattern.

In the last analysis, however, if the persistence of dream-forms seems to indicate that something is wrong with you psychologically or physically, it's best to consult a reputable psychiatrist. Today, every competent psychiatrist and psychologist admits the importance of dreams as clues to deep-seated conflicts, and it is only from such persons that effective aid may be had.

THE END

IS TATTOOING A PERVERSION?

(*Continued from page* 37)

The sort of "Momism" indicated by this tattoo, they will surmise, may be an indication of a frustrated desire to return to mother's apron strings, which in Katzenbergen's case found twisted expression in crimes of robbery with violence, including a possible shooting.

ACCORDING to the famous criminologist Lombroso, the tattooing of sexual perverts is often highly revealing. He mentions the case of a man who had committed many rapes, often under circumstances of extreme sadism.

"On the left arm, he had a heart pierced by an arrow, beside which were two small bleeding hearts," Lombroso noted. "He explained that this meant that he had lived with a woman but that he left her when she bore him two children.

"On the lower arm he had hearts pierced by daggers. He explained that this reminded him of the pleasure he had from raping two women while holding a knife against them. Under this picture was an anchor beside an apple pierced by a dagger. It reminded him of the time when he raped the wife of a sailor."

This same rapist had an explanation of an elaborate tattooing on his right arm that obviously reveals his distorted and sadistic thinking. It was the tattoo of a winged woman, wearing a crown. The criminal pointed out viciously, with a certain bestial humor, "She had wings because I gave her a kick in the pants. She had a crown because, instead of a garland of virginal flowers, I 'crowned her' when she became my mistress."

Lombroso also mentions a woman criminal and prostitute, who had the unmentionable part of a man, tattooed on her left leg. Under it was the word "Excelsior"—a centuries-old motto of aspiration. Obviously this woman had a depraved sense of humor.

In another instance, a prostitute had tattooed on her upper leg the names of all the establishments in which she had worked.

ACCORDING to Professor E. Kurella in his *The Natural History of the Criminal,* examination of the tattoos of more than 5,000 criminals revealed that the pictures principally stressed cynicsm, revenge, cruelty, remorselessness, bestial lewdness, and gloomy fatalism. Sexual perversions of all kinds were emphasized.

"Pederastic (sodomy among men) symbols among the males and lesbian symbols among the females are of especially frequent occurrence," Professor Kurella noted. "Among these we often find a fish or mackeral etched symbolically on the thigh.

"Still more perverse sexual manifestations we see in quite young criminals . . . especially obscene manifestations occur in the sons of prostitutes and criminals."

The famous German anthropologist and sexual psychologist Dr. Schrenck von Notzing did extensive research on symbolism in tattooing among sailors on ships visiting North African ports, as well as among prostitutes and criminals in the great seaport of Marseilles. More than 50 per cent of all the individuals queried—whether criminals or not—had obscene tattooings of one kind or another. Significantly, there was a great resemblance between the tattooing of prostitutes and criminals.

According to Jacques Delarue, in his *Les Tatouages de Milieu,* criminals and sexual perverts "identify" one another by their tattoos. Certain tattooings have come to have definite meanings; indeed they contain a record of the past, state the criminal's specialty and—if he is a pervert—name his perversion.

Thus in France, for instance, many criminals who have done less than one year in prison are identified by a wooden shoe tattooed on the forearm (Criminals in French prisons wear wooden shoes). If the time served was greater than a year, a whip is placed beside the shoe. If hard labor was part of the punishment, there are five small dots between the thumb and index finger.

IT IS significant that, among civilized peoples, pornographic tattooing is mostly found on ill-educated elements of the population with a tendency to criminality or depravity. Apparently, with greater education, the desire for primitive pictorial expression is not so great, provided, of course, that

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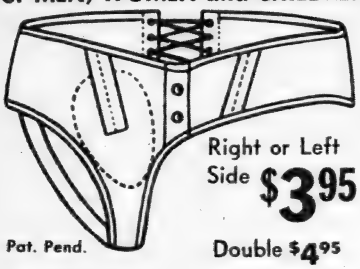

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the person is normal mentally.

Much tattooing, of course, has no aberrational significance. It may be found on some of the most exalted members of society, as well as on common laborers—and in both instances the individuals are moral and law-abiding.

Thus King Frederick of Denmark, a fine athlete and oarsman, and a generally respected monarch, has quite a few designs tattooed on his body, including a fantastically colored dragon on his chest. A man who claims to be the most tattooed man in England—66-year-old A. E. Tipton of Birmingham, goes in heavily for royal portraits and patriotic and religious picturizations—Queen Victoria, King Edward VIII, Queen Alexandra, King George V, Brittania, the Union Jack, butterflies, and the graves of his parents.

In Newark, New Jersey, Peter Jongeleen, the town's sole tattooer, reported recently that many of his globe-trotting customers drop in occasionally to have the names of foreign charmers obliterated by being covered over with such innocuous subjects as roses and floral designs. Presumably, that's when they get a new girl. There's no evidence of depravity in the guy who merely has his sweetheart's name—or even her portrait—tattooed on his arm or chest.

Mermaids, unicorns, mottos, and a million other designs are innocent enough. The ones that ring warning bells are the tattoos that reveal abnormal preoccupation with some equally abnormal aspect of sex, or that show other mental aberrations. And they may easily be identified by their lewdness, their location on the wearer's anatomy, or their symbolism.

WHEN the yen to have yourself tattooed strikes, better think carefully before you tell the artist to go ahead. The tattoo you want may be one you'll never be ashamed of—and then again it may be one that gives frightening insights into hidden, evil depths of your own personality.

Remember, tattooing can reveal character as surely as your face!

THE END

NON-VIRGIN CLUBS — AMERICA'S SHAME

(Continued from page 27)

"Oh, it's a new kind of club—they have them all over the country now. We call ours the Non-Virgin Club, on account of the initiation."

NATURALLY, "Dr. Jones" then launched an investigation. It was found such a club actually existed and that Judy had been ordered to seduce the first man she met on the street. And this is what she had attempted to do, not knowing the man she approached had dedicated his life to the improvement of the moral welfare of his community.

In the state of Indiana alone, in the last year and a half, disclosures of sex, liquor and narcotic parties among boys and girls in similar hideaways and clubs have shocked the towns of Monticello, Kokomo, Bluffton, Decatur and Plymouth. A wooded retreat near South Bend known as "Hot Rod Heaven" is currently being investigated. Membership was said to run as high as one hundred teeners.

At Indianapolis, Governor Henry F. Schricker was reported as "deeply distressed" over the exposure of these teen-aged sex rings. "This sort of thing poses a challenge to all of us" said Gov. Schricker. "It seems to me the primary fault lies in the breakdown of the so-called old-fashioned home where children were under closer watch of their parents."

While the sex behavior of juveniles is primarily a matter that comes under family jurisdiction and responsibility, drug addiction among them is clearly a vice for the administration to step in and control. To this end, Gov. Schricker intends to ask the next session of the legislature for a stiffer anti-narcotic law, possibly one with a death-sentence for "pushers" of dope to teeners.

DESPITE these shocking disclosures, one man found nothing to be unduly alarmed about in any of these disclosures.

The man, Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, is a compiler of voluminous statistics on the subject of sex. For years his investigators tramped up and down the land, asking and receiving intimate details as to the sex life of tens of thousands of males. One of the few startling conclusions from all this mass of data was that there was considerably more abnormality and promiscuity among the better-educated, white-collar classes than among ill-learned manual laborers.

Finely attuned to state-wide

twitterings and rumplings from his listening-post in Bloomington, Ind., Dr. Kinsey came out flat-footed with the pronunciamento that Indiana was not "more notorious than any other state on the subject." According to this statistician, there are 420,000 illicit sex experiences in Indiana each week: certainly "no evidence of an increase in juvenile sexual activity . . .

"It always has existed," he said. "The only increase is in the amount of publicity such cases have been getting lately."

But Kinsey investigators travel in circles where their credentials are more or less accepted by the community as a whole. Had one of them been down around a river shack on the outskirts of Peru, Ind., recently, on a moonlit midnight, his eyes would have been greeted by as strange a sight as that same moon had ever witnessed since the ancient saturnalia was abolished.

A man, four youths and four girls were drinking, dancing and singing wildly. Once in a while one or two of them would chase another to the shrubbery where the sequel was mercifully concealed. Feminine squeals were loudest when the boys, stripping the clothes from those who still wore any, dragged the girls to the river for a dip. After that, all retired to the shack for more drinking and carousing till dawn.

Police found them as they fell soddenly asleep, limbs inextricably tangled. The orgy had been going on for three weeks! Three of the girls were escapees from a state reform school. They were returned there. The man and the four boys drew suspended sentences of six months each.

THE taking of polls by thousands of investigators over a few short years, using charts and adding-machines, can find less definite and distinct conclusions about sex life among adolescents than can one man alone, working twenty-six years, day in and day out, on that one subject alone.

That man was Judge Ben B. Lindsey. More than a quarter of a century ago he wrote, in collaboration with Wainwright Evans, a book called "The Revolt of Modern Youth," the fruit of his study till then.

In Denver, Colorado, Judge Lindsey started America's first Juvenile Court, in 1899. Almost as if it were written today, here is his answer to Dr. Kinsey:

"I am not a statistician; and I confess I put down these estimates with some trepidation. There is a saying that figures don't lie, but that liars will figure; and I've no doubt that some clever statistician could make my logic look sad.

"Our records reveal . . . every girl has three ages. First, she has a chronological age that tells how many years she has lived. Second, she has an intellectual age that gauges her intelligence. . . . Third, she has a biological age, which means that some girls mature into womanhood very early, say eleven, and that other mature very late; and that *girls who mature early, while they are still young chronoligically and intellectually, are the most likely to get into sexual trouble with boys.* Sex overwhelms them before their minds and their powers of restraint and judgment are mature enough to cope with it. . . . Dividing 313 (delinquent girls studied) into two groups, we found that 285 of them matured at 11, 12 and 13; and that only 28 of them matured at 14, 15 and 16. . . .

"Long experience usually enables me to pick these victims of early maturity at sight. There is an indefinable something in the eye, a something about the mouth, that tells the tale, particularly when there has been an actual sex experience. . . . it tended to support Bernard Shaw's view, it is not the male who does the pursuing but the female; and that women universally make men their creatures to the end that they may gratify the maternal urge within them. . . .

"There is no buncombe about it. . . . These girls I deal with have many of them dropped the fiction that a woman must be wooed from any real reluctance. At a meeting of parents which was recently held in Denver to discuss what could be done about the 'immorality' existing in a certain school, the principal of the school told the parents that it was the girls who were largely responsible because they pursued the boys.

It is obvious that if we are to cure this shocking situation, civic authorities and families alike will have to join the fight. The fact that the situation has been going on for some years is of no consequence—our youth is being corrupted here and now. If we are going to prevent further decadence and perversion, sadism and debasing sexual activities in American youngsters, we must band together and put a stop to these diabolical, infamous practices, by every means at our disposal.

THE END

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THE GREEK ACCESSORY

(Continued from page 39)

your Azaleas. The bees, too, for that matter. She thinks they add just the right touch."

A queer, gentle little smile moved for a moment on the thin, bloodless lips beneath his ragged mustache.

"The bees are for Bernice," he said. "The honey, you know. She's ravenous for the stuff. Eats great quantities of it. It'll be cheaper to have our own."

So, I thought, that explains the bees. Bernice must have bullied him into the apiary.

But if she did, it proved a futile bit of bullying. Or maybe fatal is the word. Either way, she was not destined to indulge for long her ravenous appetite for honey. Simply because the dead, to the best of my belief, do not indulge their appetites for anything. And Bernice, to the astonishment of all of us who knew her ox-like constitution and were convinced that she would live to bedevil Caleb and at least one successor into their graves, died quite suddenly and emphatically.

Bernice died, indeed, quite nastily. I know because I was there. I happen to be an M.D. who prefers teaching to practicing, but some of my friends, possibly because I never send a bill, ignore my preference. The night Bernice died, Caleb was one of them. Of course, my being handy next door probably had something to do with his calling me.

THE ringing of the telephone got me out of bed around eleven, and on my way to answer I noticed that Bernice's bedroom window across the way was yellow with light. Caleb's voice came over the wire drily and precisely.

"Hello, Miles. I'd appreciate it very much if you'd just step over here. Something seems to be the matter with Bernice."

An understatement, even for Caleb. Bernice was, in fact, in a hell of a shape. She was unconscious on her bed. Her mouth and face and the front of her gown were foul with vomit. Her big, flabby body jerked with a muscular violence that suggested *grand mal.* When I turned away from the bed, Caleb was standing in the middle of the bedroom in gayly striped pajamas that seemed pathetically inappropriate on his thin, gray frame. He gazed at Bernice as reflectively as if she were a Latin declension.

"Good God!" I said. "How long has this been going on?"

Caleb coughed apologetically and rubbed the gray stubble on his chin with meatless fingers.

"I really don't know, Miles. I retired to my own room early this evening. I'm afraid I was exhausted and slept rather soundly. Gathered the first of the honey today, you know. It was only just now that I was aroused by the sounds in here. I called you at once."

We got an ambulance and whisked Bernice off to the University hospital and a stomach pump, but it was just a gesture. Within twenty-four hours she was dead. The cause was obviously some kind of poisoning, and Caleb, when questioned, thought it might have been the sausage served at dinner. The coroner wondered rather testily, in that case, why Caleb was not also affected, and Caleb replied, apparently surprised that the coroner was unaware of it, that he was, of course, a vegetarian and never touched meat.

At the University we did an indifferent post mortem and failed to nail anything down. We disguised our futility as gracefully as possible in medical terminology and let it go.

The following Saturday afternoon, Bernice was buried in Memorial Lawn. It was a bone dry funeral. No tears for the deceased. A few faculty members and a handful of relatives were there, and everyone seemed to feel that Caleb had come unexpectedly upon better times.

The next day, Sunday, Caleb dug up the Azaleas and removed the apiary.

"Whatever is the little beast doing?" Cora wailed in the kitchen window. "Miles, do you suppose he actually had a thwarted passion for the old battle-ax and can't bear the Azaleas because they remind him of her?"

"I think it extremely unlikely," I said.

As it proved, Caleb displayed a facility for adjustment that seemed almost too adept. However, no one really expected him to mourn for Bernice, and the prompt elimination of the Azaleas and the apiary was easily explained on the grounds that, Bernice being gone, it was no longer necessary to maintain reasons for staying out of the house as much as possible. A housekeeper made an appearance in the Tudor next door, and I learned that Caleb was happily engaged in making a new translation of some Greek classic.

So the affair might have rested, if I had not developed a sudden and distressing inability to sleep at night, and if the human mind of reasonable capacity did not have a natural abhorrence of unexplained odds and ends. It is the Gestaltists, I believe, who hold that the mind continues to work covertly at a difficult problem, even after it has ostensibly gone on to other business. Thus unexpectedly, in a kind of conclusive mental activity commonly mistaken for inspiration, the isolated parts of the whole fall into a logical pattern and—presto!—there's a solution to the very thing you thought you'd abandoned.

I'M convinced the Gestaltists must have something on the ball. For it was in just such a way that I solved the problem of Caleb Sachs. And Bernice Sachs, deceased. And the Azaleas. And the apiary. And the advantages of a classical education. They were all isolated parts of a pattern, and, rather under cover, my mind must have been nagging at them from the beginning. Trying, without consciously acknowledging it, to fit them into some kind of sensible relationship.

I was in bed. I was a frantic insomniac. I had just counted a thousand sheep and twelve strokes of the clock in the hall downstairs. Then, suddenly, I was sitting up in bed, staring into darkness, feeling a little thrill chase itself up my spine.

In the twin bed across from mine, Cora, who never stays awake longer than five minutes for anything less than an amorous husband, drew and expelled the long, regular breath of the unconscious and the untroubled. Quietly, I swung my bare feet to the floor and went downstairs to the library and turned on a light.

My classical education, at its best, was thin. And what I acquired has long lain dormant under a smattering of science and a vast debris of trivia. Yet, in this matter, my memory functioned perfectly and I behaved with astonishing assurance. Crossing the room, I reached high on a shelf and removed a volume I hadn't cracked

in years: an English translation of Xenophon's Anabasis. My fingers, with uncanny prescience, found their way to Book IV, Chapter VIII. My eyes broke smack into the middle of the march to Trebizond.

All the soldiers who ate of the honey, I read, *became unconscious, were attacked by vomiting and diorrhea, and none of them could stand upright. Those who had eaten a little resembled drunken men; those who had eaten a lot were like madmen, and some of them even died.*

I put the *Anabasis* back on the shelf and found a copy of Leschke's *Clinical Toxicology*. I used the index and turned pages.

Even in classical times, a whole series of flowers was known to give poisonous honey, e.g., Azalea pontica, Azalea indica . . .

I stood there for a long time with Leschke in my hand, hearing Caleb's voice.

She's ravenous for the stuff, he'd said.

Gathered the first of the honey today, you know, he'd said.

"The clever little son of a bitch," I said. "The classical little bastard."

After a while I went up and back to bed. I went right to sleep. With nothing troubling my mind, I've been sleeping well ever since.

THE END

IT'S HERE TO STAY

(*Continued from page* 11)

Sorties flown by the 315th Air Division (Combat Cargo) number to the present time 59,870, with 227,-766, tons of cargo airlifted and 371,-086 passengers carried. On hundreds of these flights wounded combat men were evacuated. In the case of the First Marines and the Seventh Infantry, cut off in retreat by the first savage Chinese onslaught, 5,000 casualties were lifted out by the planes that supplied the desperate forces for ten terrible days. Landings and take-offs of the unarmed planes were harried by small arms fire at Hagaru and Koto-ri near the Chosen reservoir.

The effectiveness of the largest combat airlift in history depends on speed. The C-119 that dropped the 10,000th ton of cargo for the Combat Cargo left the runway at a southern Japan field at noon. Two hours later the Flying Boxcar, piloted by Lt. Ray R. Hewitt of Rockville, Nebraska, was over the drop zone on a Korean island with supplies requested only eighteen hours before and assembled in warehouses in the far off Tokyo area. Four P-51s escorted the huge aircraft.

ALTHOUGH dropping the most essential ingredients of war to the fighting men is only one of FEAF Combat Cargo's missions, there are innumerable types of other cargo carried by the great winged transports. For example, surrender broadcast missions by "Voice" planes which carry loudspeakers and fly low over enemy troops hammering constantly at them "Surrender or Die." These planes of the Special Air Missions detachment have also dropped more than 180,000,000 psychological warfare pamphlets explaining that Red soldiers who surrender will receive good food and medical care.

Now that nine months of sustained operation have been effected by airlift personnel, United Nations ground forces have ceased being amazed at what they see floating down from the sky. However the day that the U.S. Marines at Koto-rin near the Chosin reservior discovered Flying Boxcars kicking out the 20 ton bridge they so urgently needed to get their equipment across a rock-walled canyon, they shook their heads in wonder and exclaimed, "What next?" Each of the 5,000 pound spans came down supported by 100 foot parachutes. This bridge was the first in the world ever to be airdropped. Because of this bridge the marines were able to escape the Chinese trap and get out all of their equipment.

A special need in Seoul last December resulted in "The Christmas Kid Airlift." One thousand orphans ranging in age from mere infants to fourteen years had to be taken from Red-menaced Seoul to Cheju Island far south of the combat zone. Skymasters carried the waifs after an attempt to evacuate them by boat from Inchon failed. On the same flights the big planes took thousands of pounds of food for the undernourished children.

Since battleworn troops must have rest and relaxation from time to time, the Far East Air Force's Combat Cargo transports lift the fatigued soldiers from Korean fields, and a few hours later set them down in Japan where they can forget C-rations and enjoy

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SERVICE LIFE

Hospital Department P-49

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near Stateside recreation.

The 25,000th "Rest and Relaxation" soldier, Sergeant First Class George Quick, came winging back from Korea on April 9, 1951. In one day 1,300 were brought back. During the still continuing R & R lift, 77,000 men had been airlifted in the two way shuttle between Japan and Korea for rest leaves as of May 15th. About 600 are being airlifted daily.

"Men of every nation have been lifted," said Brig. Gen. John P. Henebry, Commander of the 315th Air Division (Combat Cargo), "and while flying front line soldiers back for rest is not our primary mission, it is an important one because the morale of the combat veteran is a factor which cannot be ignored."

PROBABLY the most astonishing cargo to be flown to Korea was made up of live lambs being sent the Hellenic Expeditionary Force for their April Easter Festival. Soldier pasengers on a 437th Troop Carrier Wing C-46 fed the lambs and found that GI lunches were preferred to grain by the woolly animals.

Other airlift loads include haggard but happy U.N. POWs from behind enemy lines, vaccine, and blood plasma for the thousands of wounded who have ben quickly evacuated to base hospitals for the finest medical care. Also Chinese Communist POWs have been carried to our hospitals for medical care and humane treatment.

Dried cuttlefish for laborers in Korea who insist on being paid with the flat, white tentacled fish they consider a great delicacy is not among the favorite cargoes of the plane crews.

Helicopters and jet engines in large crates are flown to battle areas where they soon rise on their own wings to aid the fight against Communism; and trucks, jeeps and communications equipment are common loads. Terminal loading crews are so used to seeing odd cargos that they weren't even astonished when an eight-ton steam roller was sent up the ramp.

So in these days of modern combat when a soldier glances upward into the skies he may be saying a prayer or he may be watching for the answer to one—the welcome and familiar sight of the great flying transports of Combat Cargo that ignore muddy roads and even enemy lines to bring him supplies without which he could not wage war.

THE END

THE SEX MONSTER WHO WAS A KING

(Continued from page 21)

unscrupulously seduced whatever man the Queen designated, wormed her way into his confidence, and brought back to the Medici whatever information was sought.

These ladies, who knew all the wiles of love and espionage, were of such great value to the Queen that they were under strict orders not to become pregnant! They were the first feminine *escadron volante,* or "flying squadron" of espionage through sex.

This was the sort of household into which Henri was born. In his childhood, it was not thought that he would become King; he had two older brothers, Francois II, who was in line for the throne, and Charles. One of his first experiences in political intrigue was to watch his mother encourage a sexual association between his oldest brother and Mary Stuart, a Scottish princess whom Francois actually married when he was fifteen. Two years later Francois died, a victim, say many historians, of his own sexual excesses, which had long before transformed him into a veritable idiot. He had held the throne only a little over a year.

FRANCOIS II was succeeded on the throne by Charles, who became King Charles IX of France. Since Charles was only 10 years old, his mother, the diabolical Catherine, actually ruled the nation, pending the date he would attain his maturity. Meanwhile young Henry, now next in line for the throne if Charles should die, was beginning the life of sexual excess that seems to have marked all his brothers and sisters.

One of the privileges afforded the children—there were ten in all—was unlimited sexual freedom, not only with the young ladies of the court but also with their own sisters! One of the sisters, Marguerite, was actually, at various items, the mistress of her brother the boy-king Charles IX, the mistress (by force) of Henry both before and after he became King, and the mistress of two other brothers! These bewildering incestuous relationships permeated the entire family.

To her sons, Catherine advised, "Be good lovers rather than good politicians."

Henri, Marguerite always insisted, was the only one of her brothers to take her by force. She was really in love wth the others to whom she freely granted her favors.

In his early youth, despite the depravity of his upbringing, it almost appeared as though Henri had some fragments of decency in his makeup. Though he could have almost any woman he chose—and though he availed himself of his exalted privilege to the fullest extent—he actually appears to have fallen in love a couple of times.

The first of these romances occurred when Henri was sixteen. The girl, Renee de Rieux, was a member of his mother's court. He seems to have been honestly attached to her, writing poetry in her honor and sending her fervid letters inscribed in the red ink of his own blood. She was, naturally, his mistress. Finally tiring of her, he sought to give her security and a name by marrying her off to a minor official. That gentleman, however, realizing that Henri actually had little power, indignantly refused, saying in effect that if he must marry a whore, he would wait until Henri became King and established his bordello in the royal palace.

The gentleman underestimated Henri's power and revengeful nature. Henri, taking matters into his own hands, had the man's house looted of all its valuables by a gang of hired ruffians, who then set fire to it and burned it to the ground. Henri calmly sold the valuables for the sum of 50,000 *livres*—a substantial fortune in those days—and presented the money to his discarded mistress.

The abandoned Renee did not do too badly in marriage, either. She promptly tripped to the altar with a wealthy Italian nobleman named Antonionotti, whom she subsequently punctured with a dagger, confident that Henri wouldn't let her down. He didn't, either; he saw to it that she went unpunished.

Henri's second and last true love was already the wife of another man when he first set eyes on her. She was Marie de Cleves, a magnificent, sultry beauty, and

Henri's first glimpse of her came on her wedding day, when she married Prince Henri de Conde. In the course of the wedding festivities, Henri apparently wandered about the castle and into the bride's bedchamber, where he got a whiff of her personal perfume. The combination of her beauty and the exotic scent proved too much for him; he desired her and had to have her, despite the fact that to do so would make a cuckold of one of the nobles of the Court.

The affair was easily arranged, however, by one of Henri's brothers and his sister, who brought the lovely Marie—apparently willingly—to Henri's bedroom. Thus began a romance that did not end until Marie died in the course of an uncompleted pregnancy, probably because by that time she was afflicted with syphilis, a present Henri had brought her after a prolonged visit to Venice and the Court of Savoy.

There is darker speculation that Henri or his sister Marguerite had Marie poisoned, so that he would not be embarrassed by any left-handed children, even though Marie was the wife of a Count.

In 1574 Charles IX died and Henri, now twenty-three years old, became King of France. From that time on, possessed of almost unlimited power and with syphilis ravaging steadily at his brain, Henri's sexual excesses became steadily worse until they were finally those of a mad beast.

His first step was to marry a girl named Louise de Vandemont, whose charms were many but whose morals, to say the least, were not above reproach. In fact, she had been the mistress of a gentleman of the Court, to whom Henri said frankly, "I have married your mistress. Now you marry one of my mistresses." But the nobleman fled, and Henri promptly confiscated his estate.

Now Henri began to pursue love—or at least sexual expression—on a wholesale scale. At least one hundred ladies of the Court passed through his bedchamber while he was King, but few of them became pregnant, for his syphilis soon made him sterile. He did, however, sire a legitimate son, who ultimately became King Henri IV.

As his sickness increased, he took more and more to young girls, preferably inexperienced virgins, of whom he soon tired. Typical of these was Gabrielle d'Estrel, a beautiful maiden of sixteen, whose father callously turned her over to Henri in return for a few royal favors. Gabrielle, however, soon proved herself "too thin, inexperienced and frigid" for the lustful King. He sent her back to her father with a payoff of 6,000 silver livres.

GRADUALLY Henri developed a sexual distaste for women, which revealed itself in acts of increasing viciousness toward them. One of his victims, for example, was a beautiful woman of high birth and great personal charm, Madame de Nevers, who despised the King and did not hesitate to tell her friends so.

Henri decided to be revenged. He staged a select dinner for only a few guests, which she was required to attend by order of the King. Then, at the close of the dinner, he ordered her into an adjoining room, where he raped her in the presence of his servants. The servants, he informed her, were present as witnesses; if she ever told her husband, they would testify that she, herself, had been the instigator and that she had forced herself upon the King by her indecent conduct and suggestions. He then made her write a passionate letter to him, which he locked in a desk in her presence. This, of course, was a threat which effectually silenced her.

In another instance, accompanied by the Marquis de Nogaret, he entered the Convent of St. Louis at Poissy and raped a novice nun who was particularly young and beautiful. After that, he visited the convent whenever he chose, either by day or by night, and in fact violated nuns in many other convents.

In still another case, he had the pretty young wife of one of his minor officials brought to his private apartment. He kept her there for a day and a night, after which he turned her over to fifteen other men, who in turn raped her. She was dead when she was taken away.

The steady inroads of syphilis soon turned Henri into an out-and-out homosexual. No longer did he want women, only men. He gathered himself a group of homosexuals to whom he gave fantastic presents, including rich castles and lands; it was a common saying that the King had run out of castles for the time being. There was no secret about the identities of his favorites; their names were known throughout the Court and even to the common people. The populace referred scornfully to them as *bardaches* (capons or desexed males).

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Henri's homosexual loves—and the King too—dressed in a ridiculously feminine manner, wearing artfully applied rouge, marcelled hair that fell about their shoulders, perfume, ribbons and laces, and high-heeled shoes. They flirted with each other like girls, and spoke in high-pitched, feminine voices.

Some of these homosexuals, however, were also vicious, formidable characters. Many were officers and soldiers whom the King had selected from the regiments of his armies. Despite their perversions, they were fine swordsmen, and they had a cynical contempt for all standards of decency.

Calling themselves the *"Mignons,"* confident of the King's protection, they instituted a reign of terror that was not matched until the days of the French Revolution. They prowled the streets in their finery, brawling and drinking, often murdering husbands who protested any indignities they chanced to wreak upon their wives. They took a perverse pleasure in inflicting indignities upon decent people, and in consorting with pimps, prostitutes, and criminals of all sorts. They preached and practiced incest, and even financed cheap bordellos for the "benefit" of the people.

Many of the "Mignons" were capable of sexual relations with either sex. For these, Henri provided entertainment of the most brutal and depraved sort. At one time, he arrived at the wedding of his finance minister's daughter with a group of his Mignons and sixteen of his mistresses—past and present. By force, he turned the wedding into an orgy, compelling indiscriminate sexual relationships. An entire troupe of young female ballet dancers who were performing at the wedding were raped.

RAPIDLY Henri became a *voyeur*—a pervert who delights in having the most indecent and unnatural acts performed while he watched. On one occasion, he sent word to some of the most beautiful courtesans in Paris that they were to be his special guests at a gala banquet in his castle at St. Cloud. They were to dress in their finest garments. He sent his royal carriages to pick them up. But when they arrived at the castle, they were met by servants, who ripped off their clothing. Then, while Henri watched, the nude women were raped by members of Henri's Swiss Guard—tall, powerful men of whom the King was very proud.

On another occasion, Henri lured the wife of one of his chancellors to his castle under some sort of pretext. When she arrived, she was raped by a select group of twelve of his friends. Miraculously, she did not die or lose her mind through the terrible experience, in which Henri — who no longer cared for women—did not participate except as a spectator.

He had long since given up personal use of the pearl necklace which—a few years before—he had been accustomed to employ in measuring the exact proportions of the intimate charms of his mistresses. Now he was only arranging sexual gratification—at least with women—for others.

One of his most bestial acts of this sort resulted after he learned that one of his friends, the Chevalier Mignon La Guiche, was interested in a beautiful young girl named Mademoiselle de la Mirande. Henri, under pretext of talking to her about entering a convent, invited her to supper. After some small talk, he led her into a bedroom where La Guiche was waiting. The frightened girl, realizing what was about to happen, screamed and pleaded. But the King summoned two soldiers, who held her, struggling, while she was raped by the Chevalier. The experience drove her insane.

AS his madness increased and his hatred for women deepened, he tried to humiliate his wife, the Queen, by forcing her to sleep with a minor noble—a landowner—whom he also forced into the arrangement. He brought the man into the Queen's bedroom, and announced his intention of what they must do. He sat down, prepared to watch. But the Queen, who now hated him because of his utter vileness—including the fact that he had infected her with syphilis—would not cooperate. She got out of bed and sat in a chair. She sat there all night, while the King—now a debauched, trembling lecher—kept explaining to her the joys she would experience with the poor landowner, a Monsieur de Joyeuse. This time the King was foiled.

From that time on, the Queen hated Henri with an intensity seldom equalled by any human.

Henri's hatred even extended to his sister Marguerite, who by now had become the Queen of Navarre. Though he had raped her himself, and even though he was now uninterested in women, he became jealous when he heard that she had had some love affairs of her own, including incestuous ones with her other brothers.

While Marguerite was visiting his Court, he took the opportunity of publicly insulting her before his servants, naming her lovers in turn. Then he ordered his soldiers to take her back to her husband, but to make themselves free with her favors on the way, since she would enjoy such attention, being a woman of loose morals. From that time on, both Marguerite and her husband were also numbered among his growing list of enemies.

By now, almost all France hated him. Since he was powerful in a military way, there was nothing much that could be done openly, but thousands of poems and songs were written, describing the unspeakable sexual bestialities of the "Monster." These were sung and recited whenever people were sure there were no soldiers or spies around.

As resentment grew, many of Henri's homosexual friends were killed in duels with affronted, normal nobles, or by the stealthy attacks of indignant assassins. Henri erected exquisite monuments to their memory. Beginning to fear more and more that he would be murdered, and seeking supernatural protection, he took up the study of black magic. Had he not been a King, he would undoubtedly have been burned at the stake.

His panic increased when two of his homosexual favorites were killed by a stroke of lightning. To him, this was a sign of the wrath of God—and a stern warning.

Though the King was mad, he was still capable of fear. Whether or not he really meant what he did perhaps will never be known, but he at least went through very convincing gestures of a spiritual about-face. He gave up his personal Court of Mignons, and completely stopped his homosexual activities. Professing piety, he joined one of the strictest orders of monks, and participated in their rites of self-abasement, self-punishment, and repentance. Many of his former Mignons also joined the order.

But his insanity was too far advanced. He was only a drooling, doddering, fear-ridden idiot when the sharp dagger of the Dominican monk put an end to a life that was little more than living death. And he was back in his castle—not in a monastery—when the belated retribution—death by stabbing—finally struck home.

THE END

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LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

HOT-BLOODED REDHEADS

(*Continued from page* 51)

a hundred striking blondes and relegate the common, garden variety of brunette to the darkest limbo. Doubtless there were redheads in the days of the cave men, too. Because of their spirited temper they must have provided the most sport when the boys ventured out to snare themselves a wife. The fiery temperament has been traditional ever since.

Strictly speaking, it is not true that flaming hair always denotes a flaming passion. Redheads can be, and often are, as icy cold as the most frigid of blondes. And among nymphomaniacs, the majority by far are brunettes.

Many redheads try desperately to live down the reputation that titian tresses are an outward sign of a burning inner nature. Yet it is true that even a strawberry blonde, the mildest of all redheads, will flare up the instant she is aroused. But it also has been noted by psychiatrists that, although the redhead reaches a white heat in less time than it takes to bat an eye, she cools down quicker than her slow-burning sisters. Thus, while a redhead will take quick umbrage and scream, claw and kick, the battle is soon over, whereas in the case of blondes or brunettes, a squabble will flare up, die down and then quite suddenly resume again due to a long smoldering inner process. The redhead is also quick to forgive and forget but a brunette will seldom forgive and never forget and a blonde is half way between the two.

ANOTHER characteristic about redheads is their tenacity in battling for their rights when they think they have a just grievance. Court calendars across the country are crowded with cases brought by redheads in suits ranging all the way from slander to wrangles over the paternity of love tots.

One such suit has been in the New York courts for more than three years and is fast becoming a *cause celebre*. The redhead in question is a 26-year-old photographer's model who charges she met a millionaire manufacturer in her home town of Houston, Texas, who swept her off her feet, fathered her child born on November 1, 1948, then "tricked" her into signing a $1,500 settlement. A few months before the baby was born the fiery model staged an eleven-day sitdown strike in the millionaire's palatial White Plains, N. Y., home on grounds that he had not done right by her. Mr. Moneybags finally got her out of the house by cutting off all the utility services. In this case a redheaded temper flared and is still burning.

And what chance has a pretty redhead of becoming a movie star, *a la* that other redhead, Rita Hayworth, if she has a slightly misshapen nose? None at all, contends another titian-haired model who walked into a transparent glass door of a New York City bank, and is now suing for $275,000 as the price of a lost Hollywood contract. When knocked cold by the doors, the redhead really simmered, she told the judge.

Curiously, and contrary to what might be expected in view of the redhead's blazing reputation, there are few among the scores of murderesses who have killed in a fit of passion. Case histories reveal that brunettes, however, abound in the Death Rows of the nation, outnumbering blondes two to one.

Aside from the sensational, one of the most interesting redheads to be publicized in the press is a California woman who was married at the age of 12, became a mother at the age of 13, a grandmother at 29 and a great-grandmother at 50. Even more extraordinary is the fact that she became a mother of a second child at 29 and of a third at the age of 45.

While redheads unfailingly attract the wandering eyes of males, from tiny toddlers to tottering octogenarians, there is one man on record who is distinctly unimpressed by them. He is Edward Allcard, daring solo adventurer of the seas. On completing his second crossing of the Atlantic from New York to Casablanca recently, he docked with a beautiful redhead on his hands. She had stowed away on the British yachtman's 34-foot yawl, *Temptress* when he set in to the Azores for supplies, and he did not discover the 23-year-old beauty until well out to sea again. The girl told him she was sick of life in the Azores and wanted adventure. But the shy, bearded sailor was not at all interested in the girl or her plans and left her strictly alone on the long, lonesome voyage. His boat was his only Temptress and, try as she might, the girl wasn't even anything to compare with it, he said.

Perhaps the redheaded stowaway has proven a point as well as coming to the rescue of her titian-haired sisters who insist it's true —that redheads are really not dangerous. Just don't stir them up, that's all.

THE END

THE SQUEALER

(*Continued from page* 25)

you goin' to the office for?"

His eyes narrowed a bit, glittering. "I wanted to make sure that carload of coal had been ordered . . . anything wrong with that?"

"No. Were you gonna check on it with a two-pound hammer?"

He flustered a bit and hefted the machinist's hammer he carried. "Just habit. I always carry it around with me. You know that."

I knew that. I was just bein' nasty because I felt like bein' nasty and particularly I felt like bein' nasty at Clark. I told him, "I'll check on the coal. You get back to the engine room and cut 'er down. Keep her turnin' over real slow. Come into the office later. I'll hafta get your statement on the accident report."

SOME of the clean-up gang came from the other end of the factory just then, and there was quite a buzz goin' on by the time we got poor Alec hoisted out'a there and laid up on the husker platforms where it was dry. We called the doc and I started thinkin' of the letter I'd hafta write to Alec's folks.

A lot of people was gathered around the husker platform includin' some of the women, and I cursed some when I saw they had not covered poor Alec up. I let out a yell for one of the hunkies to bring two or three white aprons to put over him until the wagon come, and then I saw Stella Jenson standin' there and suddenly she lets out a yell and flings herself down beside Alec's body and we have a hell of a time gettin' her away. I took her into the office and give her a shot of whiskey to calm her down.

Clark came in a little later and grabbed a chair without sayin' anything. He looked at Stella still sittin' there sobbin' away and moppin' at her eyes. She had taken off her white smock and was in a light cotton dress that was too tight for her. She had sat down sort of crumpled like, with one leg bent under her and the edge of her dress cut back across her knees and I guess from where Clark sat you could see quite a bit of leg if you wanted to. His little eyes were bright and darting and his mouth hung open a bit. I could almost swear he was droolin'.

It reminded me of yesterday . . . last night, rather. We had finished the run early, around ten o'clock. While the gang was cleanin' up in the plant, Alec and I started out for the warehouse to look over some of the stuff we had run that day. We took a short-cut through the viner sheds, and there everything was quiet because the viners stop runnin' about an hour or so before the plant itself. We had just stepped inside and started past the first viner when we heard this commotion down at the other end.

"What the hell . . ." said Alec, and we started to run past the silent viners to the gloom at the grader end. We heard a woman yell, and damned if we don't find Clark, wined up for fair, and he's got hold of Stella Jenson. The light wasn't very good, but enough to show us all we needed to know. Clark had a hold of her and was pushin' her back down against a pile of empty boxes and she was bitin' and scratchin' as hard as she could. Her dress was tore clear down in front. Alec got hold of Clark and whipped him around and gave him one right in the stomach and one in the face. They was short punches, but they had a lot behind 'em. Alec dragged Clark away then and threw 'im in the coolin' tank an' guess if the water hadn't brought him to he could'a drowned for all any of us cared.

ALEC and I got a mechanic's smock and threw it around Stella and took her into the office to quiet her down before sendin' her home. I said to her, "What was the idea goin' into the viner shed with that crazy tramp . . . or did you want to?"

She burned me with a look. "Did I look as if I wanted to? He's been pestering me for two weeks. Every night nearly he waits around where the girls come out and he knows I go home past the end of the grader sheds, right by the viners. Mostly

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I'm with the others but this time I was a little bit behind them. He just grabbed me." She winced as she said it and pressed her hands over her breasts.

"I'll run him off the property!" said Alec with some heat. "I'll fish him out'a the tank and run him outa town!"

"No you won't," I said. "What'll I do for an engineer? I'll have a talk with him. As for you . . ." I swung round to the girl. "It ain't the first time a man has made a pass at you is it?"

"What are you talking about?" she flashed.

"You know what I'm talkin' about. You know what you got, an' you got a lot of it. Just stop throwin' it around so hard all day. You got half the guys in this plant upside down. Some day one of 'em will get you for sure, an' there might not be anyone around to toss him into the tank!"

"You go to hell!" said the girl, cool as you please. Alec stands up and says to me,

"Lay off her. Can't you see she's all upset?"

I shrugged. "You take her home then. That might calm her down. I got work to do."

They started for the door, and just as they was goin' out, Alec said, "What about the 400? Don't we lag her down tonight?"

"Forget it. I'll look after that."

They disappeared into the night together. I went back into the factory and looked over the 400 job and cursed. Two tons of machinery to move, four holes to star-drill through the concrete so's we could get the expansion shields in, then jockey the machine back into place and bolt 'er down. All this, to satisfy a new can company inspector who learned all he knows out of books, and his books say the 400's gotta be bolted to the floor. Now, in the past ten years, we've had quite a few of them machines in our plant, and never a one of 'em lagged to the floor. It's rough concrete, and the weight of the machine is enough to hold 'em steady, and also we've found that by not havin' 'em bolted, you don't burn out a clutch or a drive bearin' if a belt tightens up on you. She just shifts a little and mebbe throws the belt herself before any damage gets done. But this new guy . . . he says they gotta be bolted! A lousy job to do. I was tired. It was gettin' late, and suddenly all the clean-up hands seemed to have disappeared. That left me alone.

I went out to the machine shop and grabbed four half-inch lag screws and hunted me up a hacksaw. . . .

WELL, anyway, there we was, sittin' in the office, and Stella was there for the second night runnin' and I was wonderin' if this was gonna get to be a habit. Clark couldn't keep his eyes off her. I felt like smackin' him. Instead I sat him at the desk with a pencil to write out his statement about the accident.

A car skidded in on the cinders and right behind it was the ambulance so I went out and took them over to the factory and the place where Alec was stretched out. They worked fast, and pretty soon the tail-lights of the ambulance was winking in the distance and the doc went over to the office to wash his hands. I stood there in the plant for a minute more, thinkin' a lot of mixed-up things and lookin' at that spot where Alec had fallen. There was no blood there now. The guys had sluiced it all away with the squirt hose. All that remained was the ladder, still in position, and that damned "squeee . . . squee . . . squee . . ." still goin' on overhead. Mechanically I was thinkin' we'd hafta stick a new journal in her tonight after we shut down an' was tryin' to recall if we had one in stock. This kept goin' through my head as I stood there thinkin' really of Alec, and the ladder still in position with its hooks raspin' on the slow-turning shaft, and the slack belt of the 400 shakin' slightly. The belt that killed Alec, I thought, and the bearin' over my head kept on howling its head off. It seemed even louder now, with the engine turnin' things over real slow. I headed for the big bench between the factory and the engine-room where Alec kept his big oil can.

The oil can wasn't there. I looked all over the place and damned if I could find it. That wasn't like Alec. He was neat as could be.

THEN all at once I see the whole thing like it was printed four feet high! I ran back into the factory and took a long, careful look at the 400. She looked just the same as always. Then I looked all around underneath the ladder and found the big oil-can lyin' on its side beneath a conveyor.

I come out of the alleyway between the conveyor with the oil-can in my hands and then I saw Clark comin' in the factory door. He still had his two-pound hammer in his hand. He stopped when he saw me.

"So you bashed in his head with your hammer did you?" I said.

"What the hell are you talking about?" Clark was afraid then. He saw the oil-can I was holdin'.

"Alec never got caught in that belt. He had his head stove in by a hammer. That one."

"You're crazy! I told you how it happened."

"Sure you did. Now you can tear up that statement and write a new one. The truth."

"Where do you get the idea I haven't told the truth?" Clark was edging away from the wall.

"A little bird told me. A squealer. Hear it?" I pointed up to the shaft hanger.

"Alec was a good millwright. He wouldn't let a bearin' run like that. He put up his ladder and was gonna climb up and put some oil in the bearin'. Before he got a foot up you sneaked up behind and brained him a few . . ."

"You're nuts," said the engineer thickly. "Mebbe he was oiling the bearing, I don't know. But he was up that ladder and got caught in the belt. Just like I said."

"He never got caught in no belt. If Alec had got caught in that belt," I said slowly, "it would've pulled the 400 out of position. It would've tightened the belt and moved her sideways. Take a look Clark . . . she's sittin' square on!"

Clark looked, and then he started to laugh, dirty like. He said, "How could it move the 400 when you stayed here last night to lag her to the floor? She's bolted fast man . . . you did it yourself!" He pointed to the solid-lookin' square heads of my four half-inch lag screws stickin' up from the cast-iron base of the 400. I bent over, and my fingers closed over one of the heads.

It pulled out easy.

I saw the hammer comin' and ducked. It bounced off the turret of the 400 an' Clark was runnin' to beat hell for the door. I threw that quart oil can by the spout and nailed him in the small of the back with it. He staggered and fell long enough for me to get to him. I dragged him to the office.

"You bashed in Alec's head with your hammer, Clark, and then knocked the belt off the 400 to make it look good. An' it did, except you was fooled by my lag screws just like that can company inspector. They're just dummies, Clark . . . cut off an inch below the heads!"

THE END

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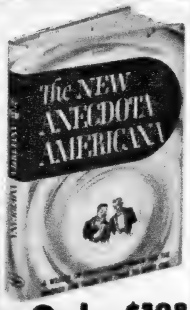

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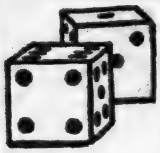

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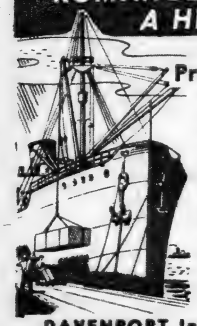

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TORTURE, LUST, AND DEATH AT NEWGATE

(Continued from page 43)

fees. The gaoler charged a fee to pay for the scanty keep while lodged in Newgate awaiting trial. If he, or she, couldn't pay, it was back to Newgate until some friend payed the charge. Old lady justice must have wondered what was wrong with her scales when she viewed such proceedings.

Light scarcely entered Newgate's wards and fresh air was unknown. Barely enough food was issued to sustain life and this was sometimes augmented by contaminated meat and bread siezed from the city stalls. This usually had the effect of decreasing Newgate's population, thanks to ptomaine poisoning, a blessing in disguise for many. Men and women, boys and girls, all occupied the same wards. Newgate had no room for modesty and all were at the mercy of the gaolers, sadistic, perverted brutes.

THERE were three parts to the prison. The Master's Side, the Common Side, and the Press Yard. If a prisoner had a little money he could move from the Common to the Master's Side by paying a fee to the gaoler. Life was easier on the Master's Side—as long as the gaoler received his graft. Wine was sold for a high price and prisoners could drink themselves into a continuous stupor, which they did.

When a person first entered Newgate he was greeted by a gaoler. The grim greeting was "pay or strip." Unless the prisoner had money his clothes were taken off him, or her, with the exception of the barest necessities. This made the wet, sewage-piled wards more difficult to endure and many did not endure it long as the scourge of gaol fever was ever rampant.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the Florence Nightingale of the early prisons, first visited Newgate in 1813. She found 300 women with their children packed into two filthy wards. She wrote: "All I tell thee is a faint picture of the real, the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the fierce manners and expressions of the women toward each other, and the wickednesses that everything bespoke are unbelievable, the conduct of the gaolers toward the women." This great reformer eventually turned the female wards into a semblance of order where a certain amount of justice prevailed.

John Howard, whose name is now carried by a great society for the rehabilitation of ex-convicts, states in one of his many reports: "The prisoners, many of them innocent, are kept in close wards and dungeons fifteen hours out of the twenty-four. The floors are an inch deep in foul water, there is no bedding and almost everyone is naked or near so. Even though the execution rate is high it is outnumbered by unnecessary deaths from gaol fever. The only healthy creatures are the gaolers and enormous rats."

THOSE condemned to die were held in heavy irons until the authorities thought the number large enough to warrant a public hanging. Ex-servicemen may not know it but many of them have had a beer in the area where the hangings took place. It was at Tyburn, at the angle of Oxford Street and Edgeware Road, near the Marble Arch, Hyde Park. Anyone who has snapped a photo of Buckingham Palace has stood on the ground passed over by the condemned from Newgate. The victims were drawn from Newgate in open carts, applauded or reviled by thousands, to their unjust doom. Thanks to John Howard these unholy processions were abolished in an attempt to give the wretches a little more dignity before meeting their Maker.

Dean Swift tells us about a procession in one of his ballads:

"As clever Thom Clinch while
the rabble was bauling,
Rode stately to Holborn to die
in his calling.
He stopped at the George for a
bottle of sack,
And promised to pay for it when
he came back."

It goes without saying that Thom Clinch paid for his sack on the gallows. There was never a return ticket.

On arriving at Tyburn the poor wretches were told by the Ordinary (prison clergyman) to make their peace. While doing this the hangman was appraising the value of their tattered clothing. Once his charges were hanged the clothing, as directed by law, belonged to him. If friends didn't claim the body it was sold to the medical students at Surgeon's Hall. The price paid depended whether the head was torn off or not.

In 1784 the Sheriffs ordered that

all executions be carried out in front of Newgate Gaol. They said: "The prisoners will derive a useful lesson in duty and obedience and a strong urge for repentance from the heavy hand of justice so near the wall." The last public execution took place, and not without loud protest from the fun loving public, in 1868.

Under today's law a person does not lose all his goods and his family left to starve when a felony conviction is registered. It was different in the days of Newgate. When a conviction was registered, and that was always when desired, the prisoner forfeited all his goods to the Crown. In an effort to protect their families many accused refused to plead when arraigned.

To the authorities "no pleading" was a calamity and a personal insult to the royal treasury. It had to be overcome, and it was, by means of a punishment known as "peine forte et dure," severe and hard punishment. The prisoner who refused to plead was spread-eagled on the ground and heavy weights gradually applied on his chest.

"Do you plead?" he was asked. If the answer was no, another weight was placed on. The prisoner either pleaded or was crushed to death. If the accused died the law considered itself the winner and recorded the prisoner pleaded but died during his "confession." The part of Newgate where this barbarous act took place was called the Press Yard.

During the 19th century justice and mercy began to develop vocal cords and the voice of the lusty infant made itself heard. The beginning of a new deal became a reality for the accused. The infamous Newgate Gaol was demolished and a true hall of justice erected in its place. It may be that the victims of Newgate, spirit-like, haunt the corridors at night, marveling that true justice can be dispensed on such an infamous site.

THE END

GIANT MIDGET

(Continued from page 53)

which stimulated glands and caused a second growth. Sir Jeffrey grew to three feet nine inches — more than twice his previous size!

At the age of 30, battered but toughened, he was ransomed and returned to court. No longer was he the darling midget. Instead he became a blustering, self-confident little man with a quick temper and a razor-like tongue. He missed the lavish attention he had received before his captivity and his second growth, and, consequently, became bitter.

On a second trip to France, in 1654, he became obsessed with the thought that one of the queen's retainers was insulting to him. The retainer was a normal man, named Crofts.

When the ship docked at Calais, Sir Jeffrey swaggered to Crofts and said, "You are hereby challenged to a duel."

Crofts answered, "You forget that duels among court attendants are forbidden."

"Bother the court order," Sir Jeffrey replied defiantly. "I insist!"

Crofts saw the chance for a joke. He accepted the challenge and appeared the next morning with his seconds and a toy water pistol — a mere squirt gun!

This, of course, was a direct affront to the diminutive knight. Sir Jeffrey ranted uncontrollably, demanding satisfaction. Crofts finally agreed to shoot a duel if both rode horseback to make up their difference in stature.

Early the following morning, Sir Jeffrey fired the first shot with unerring accuracy. Crofts fell dead.

As soon as the word reached him, the king ordered Sir Jeffrey's arrest and banishment from court. In jail, stripped of his rank, Jeffrey was befriended by thieves and beggars who remembered when he rode at the head of the king's parades.

After his release, Jeffrey Hudson stayed in obscurity for awhile, living in a country home away from London. That type of quiet life was not for the tempestuous Lilliputian. He wanted gayety and excitement, so he returned to the city and led a reckless life.

His enemies still plotted against him. They charged that he was subversive to the king. Jeffrey soon was behind bars again. This time, both his health and his spirit broke. At sixty-three, only a short time after his release, he died.

Evans, the good-natured giant porter, attended the funeral. He gazed at the casket bearing his little friend. "You see," said the giant, "he was too small to be so big. Really, he was a giant midget."

THE END

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NO EVEN BREAK

(*Continued from page* 49)

So you can see that Eddie really had a lot on his mind. Enough, maybe to explain how this thing happened.

WE had been up in the stands earlier when Eddie happened to look over the side at the north end. He looked straight down where a nag was being walked past. I thought he was reflecting on the common sense I had been trying to pump into him. I thought he was pondering about the five hundred dollars, for instance. He wasn't.

"Joey!" he screamed. "Look. Look at that!"

I looked down and saw the oat bag. I looked back at Eddie with a question in my eyes.

"Don't you understand?" He yelled. "What did you see when you looked down there?"

"Well, I saw, you'll pardon the expression, a horse."

"Sure you saw a horse! But didn't you notice that from up here he looked just like a violin?"

I looked again. Could be.

Eddie was shaking with excitement. He could hardly hold his finger on the racing programme. "That horse's number is 23," he said. "And his name is 'Fiddle!'"

"Personally," I said. "If my money is involved, I like the horse to look like a horse. Not like a fiddle."

"Look, Joey," he pleaded. "You just have no insight into these things. Consider; I look over, and in the shape of a horse I see a violin. I check the horse's name and it turns out to be 'Fiddle.' Aurora plays the violin! It's a sign, I tell you! The best!"

"Sure is." I agreed, and looked around hopefully for guys in white coats. Joe was looking at his watch and fishing the green stuff out of his pockets and babbling away at the same time. He wanted me to sock the wad on 'Fiddle.' I took the money.

"It's your last chance, Joey," I said. "It's your money, but there's no more where this came from."

That stopped him for a moment. Only for a moment though. I continued, "Aurora won't like you when you're broke."

Eddie's eyes started to glint, and his fingers curled. "Don't start that stuff again Joey. She loves me, not my money."

"Don't be too sure." I was vety brave to say that.

"Don't say another word, Joey. Go and lay it on the nose. I'll meet you in the stands after."

"Sure, Eddie," I said. "Sure. Don't get excited."

I PUSHED on towards the wickets and sneaked another look at the programme myself. I was a bit upset. I was upset because of my little talk with Eddie and I was upset after my talk with Aurora. When I'm upset I think funny and sometimes I get strange ideas. As I looked at the programme I got one, and it had to do with horses. I didn't get a chance to think about this idea very long, because all sorts of guys were pushing me, and then I was at the wicket. I had to make up my mind fast. I did. I walked away from there with the tickets and a tight little feeling inside me.

Well, that was some race. Number 23, "Fiddle" was fifteen lengths behind before she left the starting gate, and never got into the running at all. It was a swift, swell lesson for a guy who bets on hunches, for that is a very stupid way to bet unless it is the horse that has the hunch and tells you about it.

Right away then I ignored Fiddle, except for feeling sad about Eddie up in the stands with Aurora. The horses were swinging around the far stretch now, and I watched three or four of them battle it out for the lead. They thundered into the stretch and I swallowed the lump in my throat as I watched a horse with a big number 12 romp in with plenty of inches to spare.

For a minute I felt weak. I stayed there by the rail and looked at the tickets in my hand. I guess I stood there for ten solid minutes, and the longer I thought about it the better I felt. After a while I felt like laughing out loud, especially when I thought of what might be going on between Aurora and Eddie at that moment.

"What's so funny?" Aurora was standing there, a small hard fury in her eye.

"HI," I said. "Find Eddie?"

She tossed her head, and her hair glinted like firecrackers. "He's gone home."

"Alone?" said I with a happy hope inside.

"Why did you let him throw all his money away on a horse like that?" she stormed.

"Now wait a minute baby. That's his business. After all, it was because of you he made the bet."

"Don't be so stupid Joey. Betting on a horse named 'Fiddle' just because I play the violin!"

"Yeah. That is funny all right. Suppose he had won though?"

She stamped her foot. "Don't smirk like that! You know perfectly well he had no chance of winning. Look at those impossible odds! Look at . . . look at the horse!" I thought she was going to cry.

"Well," I said. "Funny things happen. Some people win, and some people lose. This time Eddie lost. But I won."

"You won?" That stopped her. Her eyes were puzzled. Those lovely blue eyes, so innocent. So-o-o-o innocent!

I showed her the tickets. Every one carried a big number 12. She melted, linked an arm in mine and smiled. Gosh, it was almost like old times!

"Isn't that wonderful Joey! How in the world did you ever think to bet on that horse?"

Just for a second I felt like a heel as I started off with Eddie's girl. Then I remembered, and laughed a bit inside.

"Easy," I said. "Used the same system Eddie did. I bet on you, so to speak."

"On me, Joey? Oh tell me how you did it, please!" The eyes were even wider. Even mo-o-o-re innocent. Her fingers pressed into my arm as we walked along.

"Eddie just didn't know you as well as I did baby. He only knows your false front and your prattle about violins and culture. He didn't know you in the old days when you were takin' 'em four times a day on a vaudeville circuit."

"Do you have to bring that up now Joey?"

"Sure. You see, if Eddie had known you like I know you, he'd have known that his sweet player of the violin was once a pretty sharp strip-tease artist. And if he had known that," I went on, "his hunch would have probably led him to Number 12." I stopped and pointed a finger at my racing programme.

". . . a horse named 'G-String'!" she hissed and pulled away sharply while I threw the tickets down on the counter before me. I stuffed the money in my pocket and headed for home. I wanted to see Eddie.

She just stood there watching me go, and the sun made honey in her hair. She stood, and I left her there, standing in front of the pay-off window.

THE END

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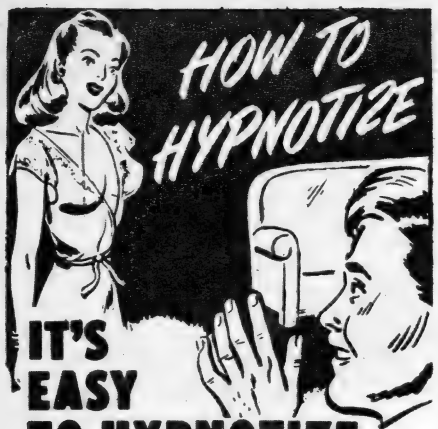

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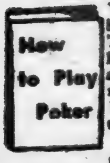

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GHOSTS ARE SEX MINDED

(Continued from page 31)

ROUGHLY twenty seconds later, Lucille cornered me in the kitchen and whispered in a nasty voice, "Are you doing anything to clean out these damned ghosts?"

You have to draw some sort of a line somewhere with a female, so a good, stiff come-back was in order. "Jeez, I don't know." I downed a tall one and said, "You really think there's a ghost hanging around here?"

"If you don't get someone to drive out the spirits, and damned quick, you won't find me spending one single night here!"

"Ah Lucille, Sam's a pretty nice ghost."

"Where did you get the name Sam?"

"Don't know. It just came out Sam all of a sudden."

"You're off your rocker. You're nuts!"

"I beg your pardon!" I gave it right back to her.

"Just see how warm Sam keeps you!" Lucille grabbed her hat and bounced out of the door before there was time to stop her.

The rest of the gang wandered off around four in the morning and I sat down on the couch with my bottle of bourbon. (Not the same one.)

"See what you've done, Sam?" I mumbled vaguely at the center of the room. "You're one hell of a ghost. You made my girl leave me, that what you did. . . . You got me in trouble the first chance you had." Then, waving my finger menacingly, "Any more of this nonsense, and you'll find out who's apartment this is. I'll get a witch-doctor up here to knock hell out of you!"

SOMEONE knocked lightly on the door and I jumped—this is just a rough calculation—about seven feet straight into the air. Wiping the spilled liquor from my shirt, I went over to the door and opened it. A gal was standing outside in her dressing gown, but what a gal! She had long, dark wavy hair, full red lips and lovely dark eyes that were flashing like fury. Lucille was built fine, but this wench went in further where a girl should go in, and came out further where a girl should come out. At the moment, one shapely leg stuck out of the gown a little and her toe was tapping the floor. She seemed to be sore about something.

"Good evening—morning," I said.

"You and your friends," she put her hands on her hips, "have kept me up until four in the morning!"

"Who? Us?"

"I have the apartment right under this madhouse!"

"Would you like a drink?"

"No!" she snapped. "But I want to be sure that it won't happen again!"

It was going to sound silly, but there was nothing else to say, "Lady, you are absolutely right to be annoyed, but it wasn't my fault," I gulped. "See, there wouldn't have been so much noise except that this cockeyed place has a ghost in it."

Instead of kicking me as expected, she stopped tapping her foot and said, "Really?"

"Uh huh," I rubbed my neck nervously. "His name's Sam."

"Ghosts fascinate me." She smiled suddenly and peeked around my shoulder into the room. "Is the invitation for a drink still on?"

"It's on'er than ever."

Before there was a chance to warn Sam to keep his hands to himself, she brushed by me into the room, asking questions at each graceful step.

Pouring the drink, I said, "You should know that this particular ghost is fresh. He pinches girls and grabs their knees and it's hard to say just how far he'd actually go."

"That would be thrilling," she said in such a way that goose bumps gathered on my back and rapidly began to spread south.

"It would?"

"Ohhh, yes!"

The goose bumps *flew* south.

"My name is Mike."

"Mine is Suzanne."

SUZANNE has been coming up to visit Sam for two weeks now, and Sam has been a perfect gentleman. As a matter of fact, three girls moved into a building across the street so Sam is not around too often. When he is home, all

he does is kick around, fiddling with the lights and water and slamming doors from time to time. He knows that Suzanne is special so he leaves her alone.

I almost put Sam's name next to mine on the mail box, but Suzanne thought it would be silly.

"After all," she said, "who would be writing letters to Sam?"

So Sam lives here in an unofficial way. He doesn't get letters and doesn't work . . . at least, the work he does isn't dull. Sometimes I have the sensation that he is looking over my shoulder at whatever I'm reading, and he watches television with me.

Every time he is near me alone in the room, I say, "Sam, old rascal, you are a bit of alright. You fixed it with Suzanne, and if you meet another wench like her, don't hesitate to bring her along. We'll have fun."

Sam doesn't say anything. Somehow I think he just smiles.

THE END

ARE SEXUAL CHANGES POSSIBLE?

(*Continued from page* 41)

shouldn't undergo the same sort of examination. The idea was dropped.

MANY sex change cases have ended in tragedy. Don Lee Reid, twenty-eight, changed his sex from a girl to a boy when he was eighteen. Don began life as a girl, a tot who suffered duel sexuality. When he was of high school age, when deviation from the normal strikes hardest, Don became a boy. Medical testimony nine years later bore this out.

The metamorphasis, with its accompanying publicity and headlines, plagued Don. Nine years after his switch in sex, he was drinking with his fifty-one-year-old father, John. The oddity of his son's sexual switch caused the father to taunt Don, witnesses testified later. Don stabbed his father to death.

The youth was convicted of manslaughter. But, even then, Don was not treated normally. Because of his change of sex, authorities refused to place him in the penitentiary. He served a year in jail and was paroled.

Between his sex change and the slaying of his father, Don married Thelma Cox. The marriage lasted only a month. Don's life continued to be a nightmare after being paroled until in despair he sought peace in suicide. He shot himself with a .22 caliber rifle that he borrowed from a friend.

SCIENTISTS have been delving into the matter of sex changes for a number of years in the hope of finding a way for the predetermination of the sex of humans. They have met with a certain amount of success. A few years ago, Dr. R. R. Greene of Northwestern University College of Medicine found a hormone shot that would change female rats to resemble male rats externally and develop internally the organs of both sexes.

"Our method," Dr. Greene reported, "is to give a series of under-the-skin injections of male hormones in the female rat, starting eight days before the off-spring are to be born, making the total considerably more than the amount of male hormones found in the normal male rat. In every case where the proper dose has been used at the proper time, male characteristics have been produced in the female. Other researchers have had the same results with guinea pigs, mice, and even monkeys."

A colleague of Dr. Greene's, Dr. Andrew Ivy, reported later that experiments to reverse the process had also met with some success.

A Japanese scientist made a similar experiment with fowls and announced he hoped eventually to be able to change the sex of human beings. The scientist, Dr. Kiyoshi Mausi, professor in the Agriculture Department at Tokyo University, devised a method for turning hens into cocks and cocks into hens.

It will still be a few years before scientists have perfected their changes in human beings, but we can be assured that sooner or later they will find the mysterious element which will change men into women and women into men . . . or perhaps change us all into one sex. Just why this is such a fine state of existence is unexplained, but the boys in the laboratories must know what they're doing. Anyway, we'll have several more years before we turn into women . . . so better make the most of your manhood before it's too late!

THE END

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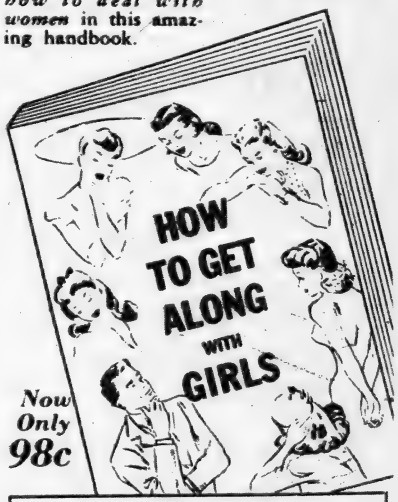

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PROSTITUTION IN PARIS

(Continued from page 9)

what I was going to do with the information. I told him I was a journalist, a classification readily understood by Frenchmen to mean anybody who owns a typewriter. "The police were very severe with a few hotelkeepers when the law was first passed, and that frightened some of them. But now there is very little to worry about, if you're careful." He would not say whether he rented rooms to the girls. He was a careful man.

I stayed at a small hotel on the Left Bank. When the manager first showed me to my room, he said, confidentially, "Monsieur, if you bring a woman to your room, please bring one who is not too obviously a prostitute. We've had some trouble here." I promised to be discriminating.

Most of the hotels of Paris offer few comforts by American standards, but almost all of them can provide girls.

In Montmartre, on the high ground where goats once grazed, dazzling Sacre-Coeur will be the greatest attraction during the day; at night, it will be Pigalle. During World War II the GI's hung the name "Pig Alley" on it, but that didn't mean they disliked pigs. For among the American visitors, at whom Pigalle is aimed primarily, the GI's are the most appreciative.

Pigalle, just a small part of Montmartre, has narrow winding streets, cheap dives, expensive nude shows (you've got to buy a $12 bottle of champagne), slot machines, and purveyors selling dirty pictures. One tourist, partly-lit, came up to me and complained: "What a place! I bought a pack of nude pictures for three bucks, and then somebody told me you could get them at the Louvre for half a buck. Hell, I didn't know that place sold such pictures!" He went off to another gypping.

One man followed me for blocks trying to sell pictures. He talked, winked, and grinned simultaneously.

"Beat it," I yelled at him. "Those things are for children."

"Yaaah," he cried, "and for grandpa's."

I HAD stopped in front of Eve's, one of the nude places, when I heard a bus climbing a side street that leads into Place Pigalle. It was the "Paris At Night" sightseeing bus filled with Americans. Their faces were pressed against the windows looking at Paris at night while going ten miles an hour.

Pigalle prostitutes are the most militant in Paris and pound the pavements undisturbed by the police. They ask 3,000 francs, about $9, for a night, but they prefer filling a night with several clients. Some who consider themselves specialists charge almost as much for putting on demonstrations for the timid.

These girls are uniformly uninviting. They differ only in the loudness of their dress, layers of mascara, number of dime trinkets, and the wearing of a hat. The girls who cannot sell themselves at their price stand on the sidewalks until dawn. The successful ones rush their clients to nearby hotels, where the average room charge is $1.

Among the legions of Paris prostitutes only a small hard core depend wholly on their earnings as prostitutes. The great majority of them hold a temporary status. They come from many levels of the Paris community and they are earning the money they do not make as salesgirls, factory or office workers. Sometimes they are supplementing the incomes of husbands or fathers. When they are finished as prostitutes, they go back to their families and the next morning's work.

LES *filles serieuses* dress more discreetly in the fashionable parts of Paris—along the Champs Elysees and the streets leading from it, around the Place Vendome, and in cafes and restaurants tourists frequent. One evening on the Champs Elysees I saw a tall, graceful, very attractive girl walk by. I thought she'd be an interesting companion for the evening and asked where the Hotel George V was. She stopped, answered quickly and started to move on. I invited her to join me for the evening and after a noticeable but brief pause she agreed. When I looked back at that meeting, I realized she knew what would happen all the time.

She steered me away from the expensive night clubs to a small, pleasant cafe. Like other professionals, she hated to see tourist money spent in clip joints. Most girls do this as long as there is a chance of getting some of it themselves.

Monica had a lovely, almost waxen face. She was 26, spoke

English fairly well and sounded intelligent. Only her teeth showed neglect. She had been a salesgirl in a department store, then worked in a brothel, and now concentrated on a half-dozen cafes along the Champs Elysees. When I stopped her, she was headed home for her one night of rest.

"I pay waiters to let me sit at good tables and I have arrangements with several good hotels. Most of the time the man approaches me, as you did. I will talk to him for about ten minutes. If that is all he wants to do, I tell him I am a 'beezness' woman. You waste some time this way. At the house I was working before it closed, you didn't waste time, but there I had to go fifty-fifty with the madame. It is much better this way."

I asked her how she rated her international clientele. She smiled. "The English are gentlemen. They are never pigs. They act as if they want to get it over with and get away. The Canadians are about the same. Only the French and Americans are good. Americans are good-time Charlies. They know how to have a good time at anything they do."

"How about the Italians? You know, Latin lovers. . . ."

"I have had no experience with them, but they have a good reputation. I think they are very handsome men with much sex appeal."

I offered to pay Monica for the two hours past ten minutes she had spent talking to me. She said no in as graceful and charming a way as I ever seen.

One evening in a cafe I picked up a dark, handsome woman about 35. She was unusually well-groomed and looked like an American professional woman. After we had had a couple of drinks I suggested a walk and she agreed. We walked one long block along the Champs Elysees. At the corner she stopped.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"No place, just walking."

"I am a 'beezness' woman."

"That's sad."

"Not sad for me," she said scornfully. She straightened her strong figure and, if anything, looked proud. She was certainly no disgrace to her profession.

IN PARIS you often can't tell who is and who isn't. One ethereal beauty with a gay, provocative laugh said she was a secretary. Looking at her eyelashes, painted blue, I doubted it. When I took her home I was prepared to end up anywhere, but not where we did —a respectable apartment house with two concierges sitting at the door! The smile on Denise's face when she said, "When you come back next year," was reserved for boobs.

If you date a Parisienne, the only time you can be sure she'll keep it is if she is a prostitute.

The law with Gallic irony had authorized setting up vocational schools to teach ex-prostitutes (some girls had been scared out) how to make a living in another trade. The Municipal Council drew up some plans for courses in dressmaking, modeling, and working in beauty parlors. Unfortunately, there was little money available to carry out this constructive part of the law, and, after a while, interest died.

Brothels were to be turned into rentable flats, and some were, most conspicuously the Sphinx in Montparnasse. It is now a respectable apartment building. Many of the other brothels became bars, which are nothing but fronts.

The higher-priced girls are usually more cautious than their less fortunate sisters. They sometimes open up legitimate businesses—beauty parlor, gift shop, marriage bureau—as fronts. Or, they may go into cahoots with hotel owners.

Their precautions are not really necessary. Paris police only occasionally take the law seriously. Sometimes a policeman will harass a few girls, but, more often than not, he is doing it to get a piece of the business, in money or trade. Girls call the police "poulets," chickens.

The job of rounding up the girls falls to the Brigade Mondaine, the Vice Squad, which is celebrating its golden anniversary this summer. This group is one of the five major divisions of the Paris police force. It is responsible for fighting the traffic in drugs and white slavery, watching the goings-on at night clubs, seeing that newspapers don't print things strikingly offensive to public morality or accept advertisements of such things as marriage instruments. A Brigade Des Moeurs, Morals Squad, assists the Brigade Mondaine in every "quartier" of Paris.

The law abolishing legalized prostitution has succeeded only in making a foreign visitor more conscious of the great number of prostitutes in Paris. It failed completely to cut down the VD rate or, if this were ever seriously hoped for, raise the moral level. Paris is still Paris, a slightly tainted girl tourists will always find exciting.

THE END

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Billowing sheer bottoms for rich, luxurious lounging. She'll adore you for this charm-revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In smooth, sheer black

"DREAM GIRL"

She'll look alluring, breathtaking, enticing, exotic. . . . Just picture her in it . . . beautiful, fascinating SEE-THRU sheer. Naughty but nice . . . It's French Fashion finery . . . with peek-a-boo magic lace . . . Gorgeously transparent yet completely practical (washes like a dream . . . will not shrink). Has lacy waistline, lacy shoulder straps and everything to make her love you for it. A charm-revealing Dream Girl Fashion . . . In gorgeous Black.

DARING BARE-BACK

She'll be entranced with it.

Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite vision of allurement, charm, fascination and loveliness in this exotic, bewitching, daring bare-back filmy, sheer gown. Its delicate translucent fabric (washes like a dream) will not shrink.

Have Paris at home, with this cleverly designed halter neck that ties or unties at the flick of a finger. Lavishly laced midriff and peek-a-boo bottom. She'll love you for this charm-revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In exquisite black sheer.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS, Dept.-261
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send HEAVEN SENT ORIENTAL MAGIC sheer pajamas at $9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose $9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman $9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40 IN BLACK ONLY
(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money back

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS, Dept -90
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me Bewitching DREAM GIRL gown at $9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose $9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman $9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40 IN BLACK ONLY
(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money back

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS, Dept -357
318 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send BLACK SORCERY gown at $9.95. If not entirely satisfied I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose $9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman $9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

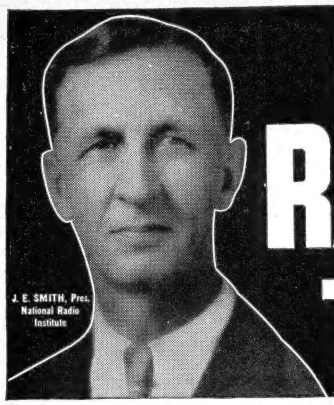
☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40 IN BLACK ONLY
(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City . . . . . State . . . . . .

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or your money back



BE A SUCCESS AS A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

2 FREE BOOKS SHOW HOW MAIL COUPON

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EXTRA PAY IN ARMY, NAVY, AIR FORCE

If you expect to go into military service, mail coupon NOW. Knowing Radio, TV, Electronics can help you get extra rank, extra prestige, more interesting duty at pay up to several times a private's base pay. You are also prepared for good Radio-TV jobs upon leaving service. IT'S SMART TO TRAIN WITH N. R. I. NOW. Mail Coupon TODAY.

I TRAINED THESE MEN

Chief Engineer, Police Radio "Soon after finishing the N. R. I. course, worked for servicing shop. Now I am Chief Engineer of WCUN, WNRN, WSPK, two-way FM Police Radio Installations." S. W. DINWIDDIE, Jacksonville, Ill.

Shop Specializes in Television "Have my own shop. Am authorized serviceman for 5 large manufacturers and do servicing for 7 dealers. N.R.I. has enabled me to build an enviable reputation in Television." P. MILLER, Maumee, O.

Over $40 Month Spare Time "When I enrolled, had no idea it would be so easy to learn. Have equipped my shop out of spare time earnings. I am clearing about $40 to $60 a month. Full credit to N.R.I." — J. D. KNIGHT, Denison, Texas.

NRI Graduate Doubles Salary "Am with Station WKBO as transmitter operator. Have more than doubled salary since starting in Radio. Future looks bright. N. R. I. has been constant help to me."—A. HERR, New Cumberland, Pa.

$10 Week in Spare Time "Before finishing your course, I earned as much as $10 a week in Radio servicing, at home in my spare time. I recommend N.R.I. to everyone who shows interest in Radio." S. J. PETRUFF, Miami, Fla.

Years of Success with Shop "I operate my own shop and have over 500 customers. My profits average about $250 a month. Have had years of successful experience and I still praise N.R.I. training." J. H. ANDERSON, Atlanta, Ga.

Gets First Job Through N.R.I. "My first job was operator with KDLR, obtained for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer of Police Radio Station WQOX." T. S. NORTON, Hamilton, Ohio.

Regrets Not Enrolling Before "Am proud of my diploma. I cannot say enough for the N. R. I. course. Regret I didn't take it years ago when I used to see your ads. Now I have a spare time shop." FRANK S. TUCKER, Hilton Village, Va.

1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS to show you how to do this. Tester you build with parts I send helps you service sets. All equipment is yours to keep.

2. GOOD PAY JOB

Your next step is a good job installing and servicing Radio-Television sets or becoming boss of your own Radio-Television sales and service shop or getting a good job in a Broadcasting Station. Today there are over 90,000,000 home and auto Radios. 3100 Broadcasting Stations are on the air. Aviation and Police Radio, Micro-Wave Relay, Two-Way Radio are all expanding, making more and better opportunities for servicing and communication technicians and FCC licensed operators.

3. BRIGHT FUTURE

And think of the opportunities in Television! In 1950 over 5,000,000 Television sets were sold. By 1954 authorities estimate 25,000,000 Television sets will be in use. Over 100 Television Stations are now operating, with experts predicting 1,000. Now is the time to get in line for success and a bright future in America's fast-growing industry. Be a Radio-Television Technician. Mail coupon for Lesson and Book—FREE.

I Will Train You at Home

Read How You Practice Servicing or Communications with Many Kits of Parts You Get!

YOU BUILD this modern Radio (above) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N.R.I. gives you ALL the Radio parts . . . speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

YOU MEASURE current, voltage (AC, DC and RF), resistance and impedance in circuits with Electronic Multitester (above right) you build as part of my Servicing or Communications Course.

YOU BUILD this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

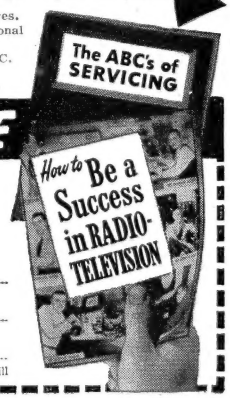
YOU BUILD this Wavemeter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine frequency of operation and make other tests on transmitter currents. You conduct many interesting experiments.

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable Electronic Multitester for conducting tests; also practice servicing Radios or operating Transmitters—experiment with circuits common to Radio and Television. At left is just part of the equipment my students build with many kits of parts I furnish. All equipment is yours to keep. Many students make $5, $10 a week extra fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time.

Mail Coupon For 2 Books FREE

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual lesson on Servicing; shows how you learn Radio-Television at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." You'll read what my graduates are doing, earning; see photos of equipment you practice with at home. Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal.

J. E. SMITH, Pres.
Dept. 2BG9, National Radio Institute,
Washington 9, D.C.
Our 38th year.



Good for Both—FREE

Mr. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 2BG9
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

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I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

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PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny 97-pound body. I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my body-building system, *"Dynamic Tension."* It made me such a *complete* specimen of manhood that I hold the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how fast *"Dynamic Tension"* GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY. Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way. I give you no gadgets to fool with. With *"Dynamic Tension"* you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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Send for my book, *Everlasting Health and Strength.* 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what *Dynamic Tension* can do, answers vital questions. A *real prize* for any fellow who wants a better build. I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life. Rush coupon to me personally: *Charles Atlas, Dept.* 156-P, *115 E. 23rd St., New York City 10, N. Y.*

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Send me — absolutely FREE — a copy of your famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength* — 48 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. This book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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(Please print or write plainly)

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